

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

June 21, 1999



KOSOVO: To Keep the Peace

New Brunswick: The Young Lord

Books: Summer Sizzle

The Royal Question



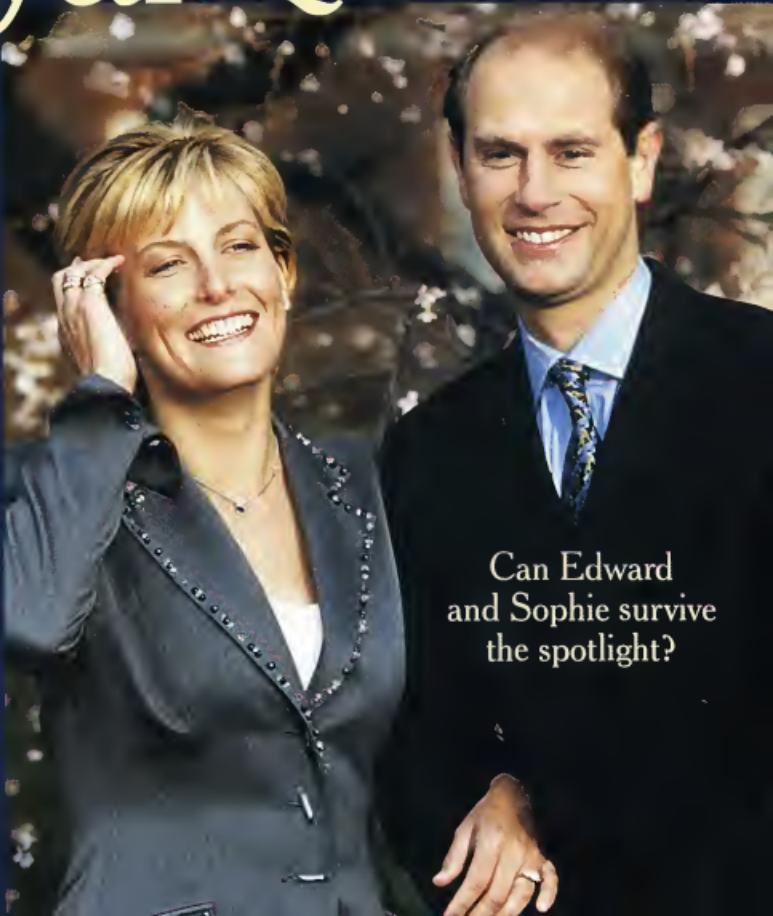
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Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson



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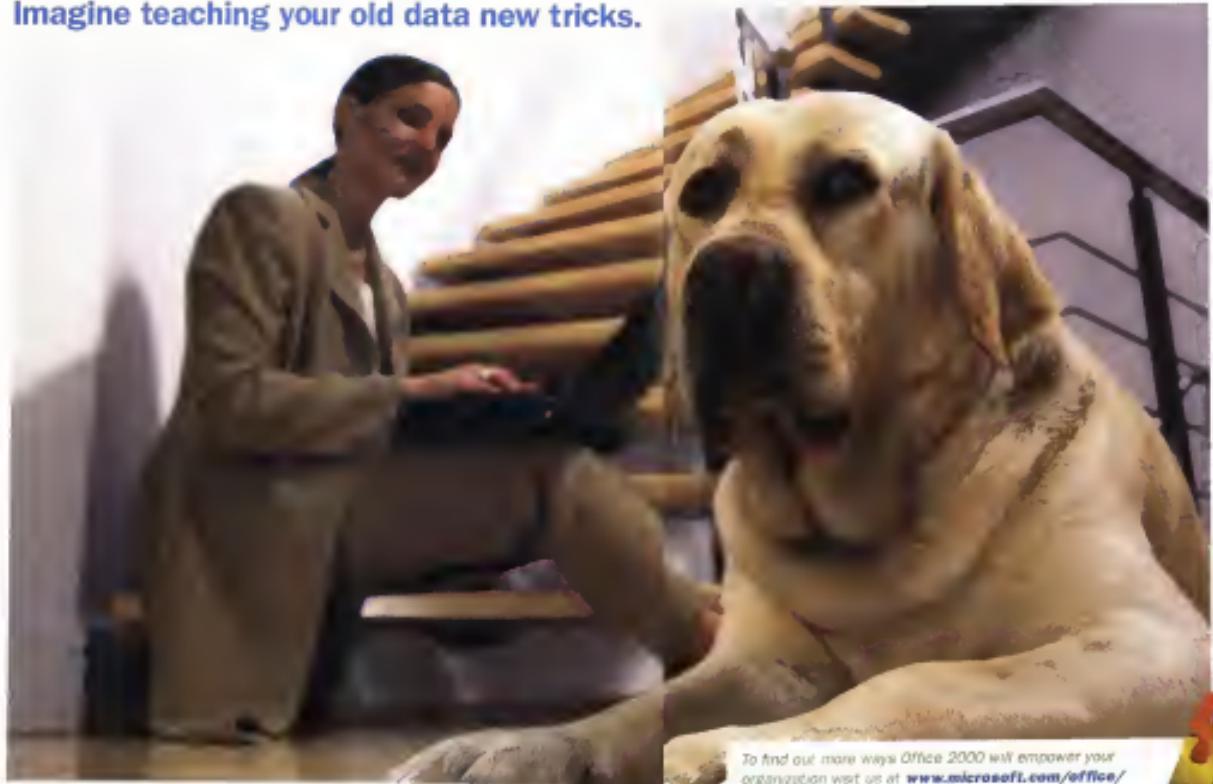
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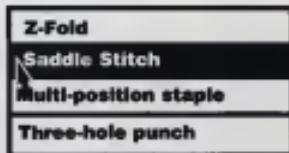
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This Week

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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine
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Photo: Peter C. Newman Peter C. Newman is a Toronto author and journalist. He has also produced a number of plays and screenplays, and written for television, radio and the Internet.

Photo: Bruce Wallace Bruce Wallace is a Toronto-based author and editor. His books include *How to Write a Novel*, *How to Write a Book*, *How to Write a Screenplay* and *How to Write a Play*. He also writes for *Maclean's* and *Toronto Star*.

Photo: Douglas MacLeod Douglas MacLeod is a Toronto-based author and editor. His books include *How to Write a Novel*, *How to Write a Book*, *How to Write a Screenplay* and *How to Write a Play*. He also writes for *Maclean's* and *Toronto Star*.

Photo: Ross Love Ross Love is a Toronto-based author and editor. His books include *How to Write a Novel*, *How to Write a Book*, *How to Write a Screenplay* and *How to Write a Play*. He also writes for *Maclean's* and *Toronto Star*.

Photo: Aan Dowsen Jobsthan Aan Dowsen Jobsthan is a Toronto-based author and editor. His books include *How to Write a Novel*, *How to Write a Book*, *How to Write a Screenplay* and *How to Write a Play*. He also writes for *Maclean's* and *Toronto Star*.

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The royal question

The bride and groom are destined to do things differently. But that Saturday's wedding of Sophie Rhys-Jones and Prince Edward raises thorny questions about the couple's money and privilege. It will be avoiding the entitled royal families that seems to go with membership in the House of Windsor

Features



18 The young Lord

Canadian newest premier used to sell cars. Now, he's succeeded in selling his Tories to the voters of New Brunswick with a pitch that has promised change within 100 days

26 To keep the peace

The fragile accord that stopped the bombing of Yugoslavia brought NATO—and Russia—into the war-torn province



50 Between covers: Summer sizzle

Kathy Reichs' new thriller, *Dish as Fast*, leads the list of hot summer reading. And Canadian science-fiction writers are rapidly gaining critical acclaim, and fans, around the globe



From the

Editor

Let's hear it for the old pork barrel!

Want to live in exotic climes? Have a fancy house with servants? A dinner Cedric parades? Play it like you mean it?

One of the sweet issues to the fast lane leads through the Prime Minister's press office in Ottawa. Just ask Paul Donato, a mere 39, who for the past six years has been director of communications for Jean Chretien. Last week, he was named Canadian consul general in nearby Milan, Italy, with a handsome stipend to boot.

But be warned: you have to pack some oomph. Chretien, who is going to reward loyalty no matter how much hating than a dozen execrable persons who constantly rail about patronage and political rewards. Those people, really, are beyond contempt. How, without padlocking and patting, can a humble prime minister award access to his side who will deal with the media while? Truly, there's only one in life is bringing down leaders trying to serve their people.

Nah, it won't be an easy ride for Donato. What can you say when your boss, securely snug in his bed, is almost snuffed by an intruder? Or ends up being blamed for the pepper-spraying of protesters by Mounties who suddenly protecting a foreign dictator in Vancouver from his bos—*to the Mountains for the break-in, to the army over the Hafta fiasco and, in only his most singular triumph, to the CBC over the APCC affair; making Terry Mills' day the issue instead of Chretien by causing a formal investigation into the reporter's APCC coverage.*

In fairness, Donato was as active be-

during the APCC summit. Or fails to show up with the rest of the world for the funeral of King Hussein of Jordan?

Truth be told, Donato had all the answers. He was the spokesman of all spakers. He was the first pass accuracy to Washington's Prime Minister's Office. He was engaging and hospitable. He planned lots of prayer Chretien from his entourage. He diffused the House

cause he worked for a government that was not. When an administration has an axed agenda, the lot of the press secretary is made more difficult. There are less things to do, like making policy announcements and providing background briefings—not just keeping the bounds off the news.

Donato's passage is in the best Canadian tradition. "There's absolutely no doubt it's a reward," says Patrick Gossage, executive communications director for Pierre Elliott Trudeau and later rewarded as press counselor in the Washington embassy. That post has been held by a series of men who advanced press relations on their urging ad man Richard O'Hagan (Chairman and President), publicist Jack Oster (Joe Clark) and reporters Bruce Phillips and E. Ian MacDonald (Brian Mulroney). Until recently, the Washington posture carried the grand diplomatic role manager-counselor—but the position was abolished in the latest round of budget slashing. A pity, that. Poor old Donato. He had to settle for Mila.

Robert Lewis



Donato with Chretien: reward time

tate (page 57). "We culture within a lower-class," says Gordon, a columnist with the *Ottawa Citizen*, who has written recently for *Maclean's* since 1982. "That we call culture is not just what we do in concert halls and art galleries. It's sports and literature, popular music, the Internet—the stuff that goes into making up our identity." The premise of the column is obvious from the first story: Canada's identity is fragile and "worth keeping." Gordon's qualifications include the fact that son John and daughter Mary are both actors and the Author of *Print Grooves*.

Next week

To mark Canada Day, Marisol will publish a special edition by historians Jack Granatstein and Norman Hilbert, featuring the 25 key Canadian events that shaped the country. There also will be essays on the future of Canadian letters by Margaret Atwood and on life in the Arctic by Peter Gzowski.



5 STAR SAFETY RATING

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Newsroom Notes

Small-c culture

There are two column changes in this week's issue. Peter C. Newman now writes monthly and appears near the front of the magazine (page 16). Charles Gordon continues his monthly column, but with a new focus on Canadian cul-



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The Mail

Healthy comparison

I am certain that many regional health boards and governments will quickly congratulate themselves on their ranking in your health-care evaluation ("The Michael Health Report," Cover, June 7). However, the credit belongs to the frontline health-care workers who dedicated themselves to their patients and presented under the deploring conditions imposed upon them by those same bureaucracies.

Dr. Kline Ziegler, Edmonton



Hanifan General Hospital dedication and perseverance

On the day that *Maclean's* published its Health Report, the Alberta Medical Association released an special survey that told a much different story. More than 10,000 Albertans used the AMAs

survey to express their concern about the lack of timely access to key health-care services and the impact on their lives and those of their families. The Maclean's report does not do enough to address the question that is of fundamental importance to Canadians: "Why can I not have timely access to quality care?"

Dr. Franklin T. Stoeck, president, Alberta Medical Association, Edmonton

The **Health Report** reflects some aspects of what is predominantly an illness-institution culture. What Canadians want (and need) is accountability in a broad range of health services. Your report is an important first step in the accountability process for health care. I hope subsequent reports will include information from the continuum of care, including hospitals, home care, long-term care and community care.

Sharon Shattock, president, Canadian Healthcare Association, Toronto

Your **first-ever** report cast on health care, while reassuring to the public, missed one of the most important factors in the health-care concerns of the population. That, of course, is the long waiting lists faced by everyone awaiting surgery or investigations. In Toronto, the wait for cancer surgery is often as long as 12 months. Over a year can be spent awaiting hip or knee replacement. If that's the situation in your second-place city, I have to imagine what's happening in the towns ranked 16 or worse.

Dr. Michael Rogers, Toronto

How extraordinary and frightening this Edmonston (or any place in Alberta) would be ranked No. 1 in your health survey. The division of first-tier systems for ordinary citizens in health care, education and social services has been condemned with the wholehearted approval of large numbers

Rushdie and religion

Salman Rushdie takes offence at John Le Carré's statement that he, Rushdie, should not presume that "great religions may be treated with impunity" ("The revival of Salman Rushdie," Publishing, May 24). By calling Le Carré a "pompous jerk," Rushdie is expressing the same kind of intolerance that caused him so much grief over the past 10 years. Perhaps Rushdie has not learned much from his experience. Le Carré is right. Religion evokes some of the deepest emotions possible in humanity and to mock a people's religion and their God is to play flat and losing with some powerful beliefs and feelings. While Rushdie is free to believe or disbelieve what he wants, he should have shown respect for the beliefs of others.

Kerry Greenhill, Victoria, B.C.

ben of Alberta, where incurables, terminally ill patients and social rejects continue to tell them that "a bunch of them guys is gettin' somethin' for nothing."

Hugh Davies, High River, Alta.

Middle East news

If Barbara Amiel finds coverage of Israeli actions distasteful, she must be missing the many favorable Canadian media items chronicling in fine detail the nature of Israeli policies and life ("Israel, Palestinian-style," June 7). Amiel says that the Palestinians have not lived up to their side of the peace agreement. Two years ago, they arrested a top Human Rights activist, but you'd never know it from reading the Canadian media, which ignored the arrest. There is enough hand-wringing in the Middle East, when there is not enough of it in the rest of the world. We began the millennium with countless Jews. It is hardly progress to end it with countless Palestinians.

Bob McLeish, Toronto

I was quite confused by Barbara Amiel's attack on Western media until I realized she was merely joking. What gave the joke away was that she was trying to convince the readers that the efficient, well-educated, well-organized,

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innumerable well-educated, native-born people of the state of Israel are somehow the "underdog" in a struggle against the poor, illiterate, hopelessly organized and repressed, and nationally armed people who live in the occupied territories.

Zvi Land, Toronto, Ont.

Refugee policy

Diane Francis is wrong when she states that, according to "affidavit figures," in 1998 some 284 Hondurans were given refugee status in Vancouver compared with 132 the year before. The fact is 100 Honduran claimants for refugee status were accepted in Vancouver in 1998 (sixty-four before). An informed discussion of immigration and refugee status is not served by the use of inaccurate information.

Hughes Maxwell, Vancouver Immigration and Refugee Board, Ottawa

The problem is much worse than Diane Francis's article implies. I am a Canadian who has worked and lived in the Middle East for five years. Every day, the major English-language newspapers of this region carry private ads with the general theme: "Let us help you become a Canadian — for a fee." The fact that no one other country's immigration policies have been set enough to lead to this type of thriving, unofficial business is proof of Canadian gullibility and naivete.

Ivan Brodsky, Al Ho, United Arab Emirates

Politics of selfishness

I sit in front of my computer in shock as I consider what we, as Ontarians, have become. We have just elected the Mike Harris Conservatives as a majority for a second term ("Restless voters," Canada, June 7). A government that has gutted health care and education in this province, effectively ensuring that the wealthy can get services much easier. As

governments that has downloaded service costs to municipalities in order to fund a tax cut that benefits the people who need it least, causing the municipalities to raise their own taxes. I can't help wondering how our vision because so narrow that we can see only what affects us personally.

H. Gottschall, Kitchener, Ont.

The voters of Ontario have stood up to be counted. We want our slice of the American Dream. We are tired of second best. Great poverty just doesn't cut it. None more your butt on tax cuts, Jim Clinton.

Micheal Hastings, Toronto

Research assistants

Although you state some Christopher Raine may be the reigning champion of spin-control research ("Man of steady determination," People, June 7), you should be aware of a Canadian champion during his part: While Christopher Raine was attending the Niagara Film Festival, our own John Ryan was riding his cross-country tour hand-cycling through Newfoundland on his way to British Columbia to raise funds for spin-control research. The John Ryan Regeneration Tour will be making its way across Canada to his home town of Whistler, where he certainly is our local hero.

Stephen Morris, Whistler, B.C.

As a child, I always drew comparisons between my father and Superman, how much Superman resembled my dad. In 1998, when Raine became paralyzed, I was heartbroken. I felt as if my paralytic father had disappeared in that accident, as irrevocably, my parents decided to separate. But if you ask me, Raine has definitely lived up to his fictional role of superhero. His positive outlook on a possible cure is not only inspiring to others in his position, but to his fans as well.

Adrienne Brown, Burlington, Ont.

Notes

Edited by Tanya Davies

Playing with the big Boys

MHRSOFS teenage girls around the world dream about meeting the Backstreet Boys—but for Curtis Deuchman, that fantasy has come true. The 13-year-old Ottawa girl started a fan Web site (backstreet-are-we.com) featuring the charted overjoying crossover in January 1996. Even though at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars dedicated to the US prep sensations, I caught the attention of the band's keyboardist and their record company, BMG/Curb. In May, Deuchman's encyclopedic 700 pages of text was declared the Backstreet Boys' best "fan-official" Internet site.

In honour of her Web-whiz status, the band flew her and her mother to New York City. There she met and helped launch the group's second CD, *American Boy* (which shot immediately to No. 1 on the charts), co-ordinating telephone calls from around the world during a fan conference breakaway line on the Internet. "It was really something. I was on stage with them and had so much fun," says Curtis. "I just wish I could have had more time to talk with them."



Karen Richardson (above left),
Rebecca Denton, Nick Carter,
Brian Littrell, A.J. McLean,
Curtis Deuchman (right) from site



Not so funny bone

SOME medical students at the University of Ottawa may want to stick to cadavers until they get a little anatomy training. In the latest edition of the medical student newspaper, *Protein*, future doctors had filled the pages with degrading jokes and sexist wisecracks, featuring frigid wives, punny "teacher" and accommodating "whores." A group of offended students, male and female, demanded and received an apology from the editor, but they believe the jokes don't boil well for future patients. "All of us are going to be doctors. We're supposed to be advocates for women's health," says one medical student, who didn't want to be identified. "There's no way in hell I'd choose a doctor who endorsed this kind of thing." Then why the medical faculty is planning to include a workshop on gender issues and sexual harassment during fall orientation? "These problems can go deep," says Linda Peterson, associate dean of undergraduate medical education. "And this kind of behaviour is at the root."

Standing on guard in Quebec

AAS A long-time federal activist in the Quebec City area, Pierre Ray has experienced his share of intimidation tactics. But nothing like the attack on his Lac Beaufort home where, at 1:30 a.m. on June 5, a homemade grenade crashed through the living-room window. "If someone had been on the big couch near the window they would have been very seriously hurt because the flying glass was indelible," says Ray. His garage was also spray-painted with the logo of Front de libération du Québec, a terrorist organization whose name was to violence.

Ray, 62, is best known locally for his instrumental role in getting the Canadian flag flying outside Quebec city hall. In addition to the grenade incident,

he recently received death threats from men claiming to be FLQ members. Graffiti has also appeared at a Quebec high school and the statue of British general James Wolfe located in front of the Musée du Québec. A Montreal Gazette reporter and the head of an English community group had their cars spray-painted with the letters FLQ. At worst end, police say they had no suspects for any of the incidents.

Still, Ray views it as keep promoting Canadian unity. For 25 years, he and two others, Raymond Carter and Joe Bisson, showed up daily at 6 a.m. in front of Quebec city hall to hoist their Canadian flag. Mayor Jean-Paul L'Allier, who had had the Maple Leaf removed after the collapse of the March 1990 constitutional accord in 1990, agreed to reinstate it a few years. To those responsible for the attack on his home, Ray says, "If you break my window another time, I'll repair it. But don't count on me to stop. I'll never stop."

Best-Sellers

POSITION AND TITLE

- 1. *BEING BORN*, Ruth Frisch (D)
- 2. *HAPPY*, Romeo Dallaire (D)
- 3. *AN EASY MEDIUM*, Vivian Sabat (D)
- 4. *EVERY DAY'S SPOTLIGHT*, ERIC POKORNÝ, RICHARD, (D)
- 5. *ONE GREAT SUMMER*, HEDY PEET (D)
- 6. *LOVE, LIFE & DEATH*, Jennifer Johnson (D)
- 7. *WOMEN BREAK*, Joann F不算
- 8. *THE CROWN*, CLIVE WOODWARD, STEPHEN KIRK (D)
- 9. *JUST ONE MORE*, David Guterson (D)
- 10. *JOHN IN THE BOX*, Jim Crace (D)
- 11. *THREE FEET*, Richard Ford (D)

Nonfiction

- 1. *QUEBEC PROVINCE*, Peter Wells (D)
- 2. *BIGGEST TERROR*, Francis Alcock (D)
- 3. *THE PROFESSOR AND THE MADAM*, Robert Remond (D)
- 4. *THE FIRST WORLD WAR*, John Keegan (D)
- 5. *DEAD LETTERS AND DEAD THIEF*, Michael Sparer (D)
- 6. *A PERVERSELY FAMOUS PERFORMANCE*, Alan Garrow (D)
- 7. *BRUCE SPRINGER*, Michael Thompson (D)
- 8. *JENNIFER LORKE, MISTER AND MRS*, Jennifer Lorke (D)
- 9. *THE MURKIN MYSTERY*, Lynne Sherr (D)
- 10. *NOTES FROM A BIG CITY*, J. Hersey (D)
- 11. *WINTERSON*,

Credit: Courtesy Bruce Springer
Courtesy Bruce Springer

Murray's handicap

AFTER HE caused and played the role of a crazy groundbreaking in the 1980 hit film *Caddyshack*, actor Bill Murray and golf have become synonymous. But his love of the game started long before the movie, as chronicled in his memoir, *Caddyshack: My Life in Golf* (Doubleday). Filled with his trademark deadpan humor—and amazing photos of Murray in unconventional golf attire—the book maps his life on the linksy and society's fascination with the little white ball. Bill has since moved to suburban Chicago. Murray developed a taste for golf when he became a caddy at the age of 10. He eventually worked his way up to groundskeeper while writing in local publications. Murray is now a regular—and crowd favorite on the celebrity Pro-Am golf circuit.



Bill Murray

Passages

Awarded: A Tony for Marin Shan, 49, for best actress in a musical, recognizing her performance in the Broadway production *Little Me* in New York City.

The Hamilton native has co-starred in numerous films, including *Three Angels of Eastport*. He has also performed in stage productions such as *Ned Kelly* and *The Goodbye Girl*.

Died: Yves Beaune, 80, former diplomat and Second World War veteran who served a definitive piece of Italian Renaissance art, in Hull, Que. In 1943, as a young officer fighting in Italy, Beaune found a wooden case containing Beaune's 15th-century painting *Promises*—also known as *Allegory of Spring*—and preserved it for Indian authorities.

Died: Longtime Conservative MP and former lieutenant-governor of Alberta George Towers, 79, in Red Deer. Also, Tomor represented the riding of Red Deer from 1972 to 1986, and was lieutenant-governor from 1991 to 1995.

Awarded: The Praemium Imperiale prize for music to Canadian pianist Diana Petrowa, 73, by the Japan Art Association, in New York City. The \$177,000 award recognizes lifetime achievement in the arts.

Named: Photographer Manabu Kashi, 90, as one of the 100 most influential figures of the 20th century, in the *International Who's Who*. Kashi was the only Canadian named to the list.

Appointed: Peter Donolo, 39, Prince Minister Jean Charest's long-time director of communications, as consul general in Milan, Italy.

Died: Star Trek actor Darren Dalton, 79, after a lengthy illness, in Los Angeles. Dalton played "country doctor" Leonard (Bones) McCoy on the popular 1960s television series in its subsequent *Star Trek* movies.

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Explorer**No-snoop screen**

The problem: Is the snoopy colleague, or perhaps the annoying roommate on a crowded flight—the person who can snare a peek at the screen on someone else's computer monitor? The solution, for some people, may be the Exclusive View monitor, developed and manufactured by Sophos Technologies Inc., based in a Los Angeles suburb. A flat-panel monitor, which is a mere 2.5 cm thick, the Exclusive View looks like similar monitors—except when it is switched on, making it visible on the screen. A film-like substance, embedded in the screen, makes the screen appear blank unless the user is wearing special eyewear resembling sunglasses. Perfect for the office solitaire player.

Surfing the office

The interface between the Internet and the personal computer continues to fall. Last week, Microsoft added to the Web connection with the release of the latest version of its top-selling Office package. It features such traditional software as word-processing and spreadsheets. But Office 2000 also allows users with access to a Web

D'Arcy Jacobsen
Brenier Campaign on Toronto

**Say 'cheese' for the computer**

sent the images to his parents by e-mail. "My parents got the photos within hours," says Kondo.

The PictureBook will be available in Canada in mid-July for about \$4,000. Weighing just 1.5 kg, it is one of the smallest laptops on the market and the first to include a built-in camera. It runs on Windows 98 and contains a photo menu with 25 different functions, allowing the user to take still or moving images in colour, black and white, up to and many other formats.

server to work simultaneously on the same document; no matter where they are located. Plus they can privately post documents to and from internal corporate networks, e-mail interests, and the Internet. Another way the Redmond, Wash., software giant is signifying the importance of the Net: the more expensive versions of Office 2000 include Web site publishing tools. Prices for Office 2000 range from \$770 to \$1,230.

Condensing news

When Fay Spender gets up in the morning, he heads for his personal computer, rather than the doorway, to review the newspaper. Spender is a vice-president for Wayne, N.J.-based Audible Inc., a company that produces portable audio players, about the size of a deck of cards, which can store up to seven hours of material on a digital memory chip. Available 7,000-wide library includes newspapers, periodicals and speeches. The recordings can be purchased through the company's Web site, downloaded and transferred on to an audio player. Spender says the company has a network of people who each night read and record about 15 *Wall Street Journal* and 31 *New York Times* articles.

Maclean's captures top media awards



The National Magazine Awards: Maclean's won the prestigious President's Medal for best overall article, "Rape in the Military" by Sarah Winter June O'Hearn; the same package also won the Gold Award for investigative reporting; the eighth annual ranking of universities by Associate Managing Editor Ann Dowd Johnson and staff won the Gold Award for editorial package; Honourable Mention went to "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "Ginger de Succes" by Maclean's film critic Brian D'Johnson and to Maclean's Winter Olympics package, "Gold Rush" by Executive Editor Bob Lewis, Sports and Life Editor James Deacon and their colleagues.

The Canadian Journalism Foundation's "Excellence in Journalism" Award: This annual award recognizes the outstanding work of a journalistic organization. Maclean's was selected for devoting major resources to covering important public issues and for maintaining an unflinching commitment to journalistic integrity.

The Michtener Award Honorable Mention: Presented to Maclean's for a series investigating troubles in the Canadian military, the award focuses on the public health generated by media projects.

In fact, Maclean's award-winning cover stories are credited with bringing about sweeping changes in the Canadian Forces and having a profound impact on university campuses across Canada.

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Peter C. Newman

The new Ten Commandments

Spring is graduation season. Across the country, an estimated 170,000 freshly awarded university grads are attending convocations, where they're offered unsolicited advice from eminent voices—advice on how to conduct their lives.

I participated in just such an occasion earlier this month at the University of British Columbia, and offered an graduating arts student my version of the Ten Commandments to light that way. Here it is in a refined and expanded version:

1. That well-known philosopher, Grace Slack, late of Jefferson Airplane, once complained to a San Francisco audience that "It's really tough trying to sing and throw up at the same time." Don't try it. She was right.

2. Novelist Machiavelli counseled his Italian Prince to claim everything, concede nothing and, if defeated, allege fraud. Make that year manna. It will come in handy.

3. A story, once upon a time, there was a man to whom Jesus Christ appeared in a dream, saying that He was about to descend to earth to visit his humble converts. Trembling with reverent excitement, she ran to her Mother Superior to ask "What shall we do?"

The Mother Superior thought for a moment, then replied: "Look busy!" Good advice. No matter what happens to you in life, always look busy.

4. What impresses a generation is the aggregate of its disappointments. What exerts an urge for power is some deeply felt, shared experience. My own generation came of age in the 1950s, a dimly lit, grey time of apprenticeship, lacking any unifying experience. We shared no cause, drawing our insights exclusively from our professors.

You're different. And you're lucky. The climate in the country of the mind that you inhabit is governed by a totally skilled mentorship.

Reassess open to new experiences. Don't commit yourselves to too much of a hurry. You may discover that the middle-class life for which you're now nicely qualified is less, much less, than you thought it was.

Be true to the imperatives of your own generation, not those of your elders. For many of you, the generation gap has become a chasm across which you stare at us with disdain. I hope so. I highly commend that attitude. Never abdicate it.

5. Always fight the status quo. Never join it. Thoroughly Reject the assumption that more is necessarily better; that efficiency and material gain are the ultimate goals of human activity. They're not.

6. Don't trade off too cheaply your energies, your imagination or your vitality to the people who'll be exploiting

ing those qualities. You are the future. Use that leverage. Don't sell out. But if you have to, don't go cheap.

7. Reach out for happiness, but don't try too hard. Robertson Davies, this country's most imaginative writer, in a conversation speech once described happiness as "a cat-like emotion. If you try to coax it, happiness will avoid you, but if you pay no attention, it will rub against your leg and spring unbidden into your lap."

8. Instead of pursuing happiness, put your hopes on understanding, on being open and in touch with your feelings. Explaining happiness, Willa Cather, the American novelist once wrote that, "when it comes to me, it comes as naturally as sleep." Happiness happens; it can't be manufactured.

9. The good life is lived not widely, but deeply. It is not doing things, but profoundly appreciating that living, experiencing and having pleasure. The uncomfortable fact is that your professors have spent the past four years preparing you for a world that doesn't exist. You have been educated in a flogging academic culture qualitatively different. Soon the marketplace you are about to enter will have to compete in. If I could give you a couple of words of advice before you go out into that cold, cruel world, those two words would be "Don't go."

But go you must.

Remember that you are the privileged few being sent out to make your way in the knowledge society—stained with remarkable knowledge. You're lucky. Supply your good fortune by never abandoning your idealism.

10. Don't settle down too soon. Not everybody lands in his or her ideal occupations at first whack. I began working underground as a gold mine, spent some time as a naval officer, and was a magician in Ernest Toynbee. You, too, will have several lots of work in your lifetimes.

But never forget that the good education you now possess will not necessarily provide you with a higher standard of living. It will provide you with a higher standard of life. University education is absolutely about values. Define them and expand them; apply them to your daily grind.

11. Get excited about the potential of being Canadian. This large land of ours is not some vulgar television drama. Canada is a daily miracle of a country. You must work to enhance the qualities of life that make this country unique. That means creating new social values characterized by openly displaying patrimony and respectiveness with the posterity of another age.

Those are my 10 commandments—obey them or ignore them. But have a blast. And don't forget to float.



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GOLD CARD

By John DelMonto in Moncton

Anyone who fears that baby-faced Bernard Lord is too young and green to run the province of New Brunswick had better move silent. For about his past, he used to sell cars. More than that, he was one of the top salesmen on the Acura Toyota lot while putting himself through law school at the Université de Moncton during the late 1980s. Back then, Lord can recall the same figure he held ten weeks when his Tory party scored its stunning political upset—whip-smart, young, but seemingly humourless—and they were undeniably a few inches from full-blown salvation when he tried so well in that first contest. But Lord never pushed too hard for a role, never because really discouraged when a career seemed to burn. And when one side strategy failed, he simply tried another. "We all learned it was a mistake to underestimate his abilities," remembers Sam Gleason, the owner of Acura Toyota.

So why do people keep asking about those checkered looks? The formerly bilingual lawyer was a dark horse

in power. And three hours after the polls closed, Lord, just 33, finding the doorway open again from a stage in a sweltering Moncton curling club after his party swept 44 of 55 seats and replaced the Grit dynasty—three successive majorities—in rubble.

It was a stunning victory, even though New Brunswick voters have a tradition of turning viciously against long-ruling governments. Liberal Louis Robichaud, just 34 when he became premier in 1960, ruled until 1970 when the electorate soundly ousted him. His successor, the Banqueuse Terry Richard Hulfield, had a 17-year run before losing every one of her party's 56 seats to Frank McCormack Liberalism in 1987. Now, New Brunswickers have again turned their future to an untested, unknown leader promising miracles.

Lord's performance during the campaign was flaws enough to impinge even the most unsober political press. New Brunswicks took it in politeness when sniping the B-52s for *Line Sheet* as his unofficial campaign theme, but who still adores its gazing political ideal from such venerable sources as Pierre

The Youngest Premier

Bernard Lord
used to sell
cars. Now, he's
succeeded in
selling his
Tories to the
voters of New
Brunswick.

to become leader of the hapless New Brunswick Tory party after Bernard Valcourt was driven out during a disastrous leadership review in 1997—but won on the second ballot. With Terry support at 19 per cent, advisers told him it would be suicide to run in the Moncton East by-election last October, yet he knocked off nine Liberal candidates, former NHLer Claude Beauchemin, by 718 votes. Expectations for the Conservative were even lower when Premier Daniel Libeau called a June 7 election with handily Liberal 25 percentage points ahead in public opinion polls. But the Tories ran a sharp campaign, much of it built around their fresh-faced, energetic leader, with promises of tax cuts and smaller government within the first 100 days



Lord, pinching a moment of change that resonated throughout the province

Trudeau and Sir John A. Macdonald. Lord is a fiscal conservative, but one who earlier worked on a New Democratic party campaign. When asked about the job ahead, the father of two—he and his wife, Diane, 33, have a son, Sébastien, 5, and a daughter, Joannie, 3—was confident enough to boast in an interview. "I've got whatever responsibilities have been laid on me before and I will do it again." But then, in the next breath, he will carefully admit that the prospect of sitting down in September with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard and French President Jacques Chirac at the francophone summit in Moncton leaves him feeling "overwhelmed."

Considering how far he has come and how quickly, that is perfectly understandable. Lord was born in Quebec's Lac-St-Jean region, but his parents moved to Moncton when he was just a baby. Ever since, he has spent his life close to home, in the place where, at 33, he has yet to travel very far beyond west than Sudbury, Ontario. But in an interview last week, Lord spoke of how his father, an Anglophone bush pilot, and his Québécois mother instilled their values, discipline and shoddy. "My education in the future premier had his three older siblings. One brother, Roger, is a classical concert pianist now touring Asia, while the other, Frank, is a well-regarded local physician, says Marie-Louise reaches his son and journalists at the *Université de Moncton*. "I was a serious lad," Lord recalls. "When I was 6 or 7, I'd rather sit around and watch the TV news than follow the Montreal Canadiens."

Growing up in middle-class, war-and-Monster, he was drawn to other students' youngmen. Acquaintances say he never bothered to try out for any school teams, although he was a skilled athlete who dominated their playground hill-bockey games. But more often than not, he and his friends used to spend their free time playing board games such as Monopoly and chess, and listening to the local video game parlors. "Bernard's big games were Pac-Man and Asteroid," laughs Yannick

Chesler, a friend since Grade 7 who went on to become Lord's law partner. "He was very competitive then—I guess he still is." That streak surfaced in other ways: Lord was one of the rowdies on his high-school *Stretch for the Top* team. And during university at UBC, he principally won the point of student union president, and was re-elected two more times.

After earning a bachelor of arts (international) degree, he went to law school. He then joined a mid-sized Moncton law firm in 1992 (Chesler, who had also completed a law degree, joined the same firm in 1993). Two years later, they formed their own first, focusing on criminal and insurance work. Lord, by all accounts, was a promising young litigator who won two cases before the New Brunswick Court of Appeal. Relatively meanwhile, he was finding his way. He started a few NDP meetings in the early 1990s, even helping out on a previous campaign, and the New Democrats hired him to run in the 1993 provincial election. But so did the Conservatives. "The PC party's policies were what drew me," he says, "particularly the belief that everything should be centralized in the hands of government." Lord won the Conservative nomination in Dieppe-Moncton, a suburban Moncton riding. But the Tories—themselves redistributed—were succeeded by Premier Frank McKenna's Liberal machine.

In that election, the Tories won just six seats. But Lord had made an impression, and party brass began to envision him as a potential successor. "He was bright, extremely articulate and frank," McKenna's Liberal machine.

Fluently bilingual, the 33-year-old Lord has made a habit of confounding expectations during his short but dynamic political career

fluently bilingual," recalls party executive-diseuse Barbara Winter, who wanted Lord's law office in 1996 and argued him to consider running for the provincial Tory leadership. "Bernard seemed to be just what we were looking for." The year was a short one. In April, 1997, Valcourt, a former federal cabinet minister, quit after receiving just 62 per cent of the vote during a party leadership review. Lord announced through a speech weeks after that October leadership convention, but won a second-place victory by 235 votes.

Lord moved quickly to lead the leadership campaign refine by appointing his new opponents—Norman Bentz and Margaret Ann Blaney—co-chairs of party policy. Then came McKenna's resignation in late 1997. Thibault, an ambitious, language cabinet minister, emerged victorious from the Liberal leadership convention in May, 1998, and moved into the premier's office. By his March, with the Liberals enjoying a strong lead over the Tories, party strategists were confidently taking their chances: easy wins to victory.



Thibault's after campaign looks around the government's job creation record

It was not to be. The Tories showed up their campaign by bringing in longtime party strategist John Laichinger and David McLaughlin (among other things, Laichinger ran Ontario Premier Mike Harris' 1995 party leadership campaign, while McLaughlin worked as the office of prime minister Kim Campbell and Brian Mulroney). Their approach was simple: developing a platform that focused on tax cuts, revamping an health care and streamlining down government to establish the Tories as a credible alternative to the government—then being first off the mark with everything from pricing the campaign to the road to placing a cost on priorities. The key was showcasing Lord—youthful and a better communicator than the 64-year-old Thibault—as an agent of change. With the Liberals running a flat campaign built around their platform around, they then began to evaporate. "Lord's political instincts were superb," declared Laichinger in an interview from the Toronto offices of Northstar Research Partners, where he is a senior associate. "He never made a mistake."

Until they saw him file a lawsuit in Fredericton, Lord and his wife—who was doing graduate work in education at the Université de Moncton before the campaign began—will continue to live in a spacious, but hardly grand, two-storey house in Dieppe. He drives a Toyota RAV4, a compact sport utility vehicle. Entertaining friends usually means a few beers and a couple of meals on the barbecue. And although Lord has been known to puff on the occasional Cuban cigar, his only real indulgence is playing golf with his old friends. His 10 handicap is set to improve in the days ahead. Within his first 200 days in power, Lord will issue a call on all 21 district presidents from scratch, from ordering an audit of the province's finances to cancelling talks on a controversial highway between Moncton and Fredericton. Last week, he issued a resounding fit of his 44-member caucus to see who is cabinet material. Only one has been: a parliamentary member before, and the person-elect is losing them over carefully. Lord, more than anybody, knows political success comes from unlikely beginnings. ■

A star for the Supreme Court

Louise Arbour gets ready to exit the world stage

When Louise Arbour left Canada in 1996, she had a reputation as an independent-minded Ontario Court of Appeal judge who had once been an engaging law professor. But when she arrived in September to sit on her seat on the Supreme Court of Canada, her predecessor will be a reminder of more turbulent times than the courtroom and the classroom. During her three years at The Hague as the chief United Nations war-crimes prosecutor, Arbour has won down the road and the trial of mass graves and up into the glass of television lights. She has appeared memorably on the world's newscasts, being blocked from entering Kosovo by the Serbian forces she wanted to investigate and, more recently, announcing the indictment of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milošević for crimes against humanity. As Justice Minister Anne McLellan put it last week, after announcing Arbour's widely anticipated appointment to Canada's top court, this is a judge who has "shaken with some of the most difficult and challenging issues of our modern time."

Grindhouse claims often accompany senior judicial appointments. But in this instance the high press could not be dismissed as hyperbole. "I think it is unquestioned that she will make a singular contribution to the highest court in the land," McLellan predicted. Nobody was arguing. Yet the question of exactly who Justice Arbour, 52, will play left many court watchers equivocating. While she has a largely judicial track record, her rulings do not form a part of a predictable, ideological mind. She is renowned as a criminal law specialist, but has defied pigeonholing—using some judgments that safeguard the rights of the accused and others that shore up the powers of the state. "She is

often called principled," said her friend Dan Sitar, a law professor at Queen's University. "I would also say visionary."

In 1992, the pragmatic Arbour stepped in to ensure order after a contentious Supreme Court of Canada hearing had put new emphasis on an accused's right to prompt justice, leading to thousands of crime and charges being stayed because they took too long to get to trial. Arbour ruled that the Supreme Court could not have failed to impose a rigid timetable on trials—a decision that removed a sensible flexibility to criminal prosecution. Crown attorneys celebrated. But the next year, it was the principled Arbour who ordered a new trial for a man accused of robbery whose lawyer claimed he had been beaten by police. Arbour faulted the trial judge for failing to give reasons for allowing the confession to be admitted as evidence. This time, it was the defence lawyers' turn to applaud.

Arbour's balanced approach to criminal law should assure her a high profile at the Supreme Court. She replaces retiring Justice Peter Cory, who, along with Chief Justice Antonio Lamer, was the court's acknowledged specialist in the area of criminal law. Having just two such experts among the court's nine judges strikes many observers as hardly sufficient to handle the workload. Patrick Monahan, a professor at York University's Osgoode Hall Law School, says 45 per cent of the Supreme Court's cases in 1998 involved criminal law, more than double the 21 per cent that were of Charter of Rights and Free-

The new justice, pragmatic and principled

down cases, and far more than the averaging of civil, tax and administrative law matters deemed worthy of the court's attention.

But Arbour's impact will depend on more than her acumen as a busy field. Those who know her well say her charm will serve her well in the court's intense mutual politica. And then there is her résumé, a model of bilingual, bicultural credentials. Educated at the Université de Montréal, where Lamer was one of her mentors, she was on to make her career in Ontario. First as a popular Osgoode Hall professor, then as a prominent judge. With various postings that Lamer, 65, might step down long before his mandatory retirement 10 years from now, Arbour's name is already whistled at as a possible successor. Many observers regard Justice Beverley McLachlin, a British Columbian, as the other top candidate. Arbour may be coming home to grapple with lotsy questions of law, but many observers will be more interested in the question of who might be Canada's first female chief justice.

John Grubbs / *Gamma*

The jackrabbit stumbles

Writer and former bank thief Stephen Reid is arrested after a Victoria robbery

By Jennifer Hunter

OVER the telephone, Susan Maggrave, one of British Columbia's most celebrated poets, is wimping and talking crossedly at the same time, trying to figure out how things could have risen such a terrible way. How is she going to explain to her 10-year-old daughter, Sophie, that dad will not be home for Father's Day or her son's birthday in January? Last week, Maggrave's quiet life plodged into nightmarish when her 49-year-old husband, writer and supposedly rehabilitated bank robber Stephen Reid, was arrested on 10 counts, including attempted murder, assault with a weapon, breaking and entering, and sexual confinement. Maggrave acknowledges Reid, a former thief, had fallen back into heroin and cocaine use in recent months. Still, "she is a ray of mystery," she says in a conversation with *Maclean's* from her home in Sidney, B.C., just outside Victoria. "I'm in an amazing state of shock."

Reid was along with that of Alton McCallum, 30, occurred last Wednesday in Victoria. The two men ran, and armed with a shotgun, entered a branch of the Royal Bank that morning, filled a duffel bag with money and fled in a 1978 Chevrolet. Police can't figure out what happened to the neighbourhood followed in their pursuit. Near the provincial legislature, they were trailed before the car stopped; their car and tried to flee on foot. Reid was found at the apartment of a terrified elderly couple, hiding inside the foldout couch. An ongoing novelist, he was also a former member of the share-sense known as the Stewards Gang, infamous across North America during the 1970s for their ability to rob banks and commit car thefts no more than two minutes.

Reid, born in Manly, Ont., spent 14 years in U.S. and Canadian prisons—making during escape at least three



This recent scene in Victoria, B.C., Maggrave (top) problems with drugs and finishing a second novel

times—but was released on parole in 1987, the year after he and Maggrave married. (Nuptials were performed at Kootenay Institution near Cranbrook, B.C., where Maggrave wrote one prison on the handwriting daydream/mischief garment (tip the metal detector). They met after a prison chaplain had given Maggrave the manuscript of *Jackrabbit*. Reid's need about a bank robbery, which the later edited and helped publish (the title is a term for jolthead). During a series of letters between them, Maggrave asked Reid to destroy his Then

anonymity, he later said, gave him strength to pursue his writing. But he had so little writing demons. "The problems Stephen had were very deep," notes close friend and novelist William Deverell. "There were as many expectations of him and those pressures over the last 15 years, including his inability to finish his second novel, caused him to implode."

Maggrave continues to avow her deep love for Reid, although she acknowledges that, lately, life with him has been difficult. Reid had begun using drugs again while leading their new life on the Queen Charlotte Islands. Late month, he was hospitalized for addiction, but someone smuggled drugs into his room, Maggrave says, making him irresponsible for him to kick the habit. One day recently, after he had recovered from his overdose, he sent her 25,000 words of fiction. "I said, Stephen, I don't want flowers. I want you," Maggrave retorts.

Friends and neighbours have rallied around Maggrave, bringing cookies and soup to her home, providing comfort to her daughter from a previous relationship, Charlotte, 16, and ensuring Sophie makes it to school. "I had no idea she'd be as much support," Maggrave says. "It's too bad Stephen didn't know the effect he had on the world around him." Reid's story is multiple tragedy, robbing him of the chance to watch the children grow, to share a normal life with Maggrave, and to prove that writing his cold case provide redemption for his lost soul. ■



Bruce Wallace

Joe Clark's dilemma

Joe Clark had to take a special seat in the side of the House of Commons at the end of April when he was invited to hear Czech President Vaclav Havel speak to parliament. The Conservative leader is still without a seat of his own. But Clark was determined to occupy his floor seat to the Commons floor in six years and, instead of accepting a quick escort to his spot beside the Liberal benches, he wandered slowly down opposition aisle to say hello to MPs from the other parties. Clark makes a big deal about how much he misses the political character of the Commons but, at heart, this social call was about as benign as a Sessions agent spending a rapist in an Oxford denouement in the 1930s. Clark was selling influence. He believes the Reform and Bloc Québécois benches are soiling with discontent, good positioning grounds to find MPs willing to jump to his tiny shop.

Woful thinking, most seem to fear Clark's redux would alienate the House of Commons more than it loses recognition for the change in strategy. When elected last November, the Tory leader vowed to rid Ottawa of Ottawa, abolishing the party line from the church benches and conference tables up. But going underground merely proved to be an effective way to disappear from view. Clark's new complete due without a platform in the House he could not even get a hearing on the Kosovo non-deal (not being a return seat for a former foreign minister. Suddenly, he has turned to finding ally electrons where a won't be possible.

Rushing would be risky. But Clark argues he can no longer afford to strategy based on writing for Ottawa to implode over its intransigent tow towards creating a new broader party. The Tories cannot even see the Liberals' dust on the polls. The party's bigness, arrogant enough in the days of Brian Mulroney to assume claims without enough teeth on the roll, are settling for whatever broad-based status their way. And Clark's goal is to silence this crowd while the national media can, nonetheless

hard, to ask Mulroney his opinion on everything from the Balkans to the way Jean Charest funds out federal money in his riding. Presently, Mulroney has been critical of Clark's performance to date. In public, he puts on a showboating display of what feisty opposition to the Liberals should look like.

Clark is liked by his caucus but the MPs are sketchy about his horizon. ("I assume," says one, "he's in one.") They especially wonder about his design choice of allies. Should this leader only be seen communicating about Ottawa's inconsistency with Brian Mulroney's erratic partner, Glen Clark? Why join an anti-Ottawa tribe that spans across Premier Lucien Bouchard, thereby sweeping a naturally federal seat like Beloeil-Jon-Charron? (Clark is, in fact, personally closer to Bouchard than to Charron.) And what is with the embrace of the unloved David Orchard, the anti-free trade activist and former Conservative leadership candidate? He was last seen leading an anti-war crusade over the same Balkan conflict Clark supported.

But Clark is as desperate for exposure as will take a photo opportunity with press about anyone. He is trying to reinvigorate his party the traditional way: building a coalition of the disaffected. After Manning's hukumaking show down in the Reform referendum on a united alternative (66.5 per cent is fiscus), Clark said he welcomed converts from the divided party.

But parking yourself as the opposition candidate is not meant itself for votes to abdicate the Liberals. Manning's route to power looks no more, but at least Reform has credibility on the hot seat of its own. Clark has never been known for big ideas. Performance informs, his current theme, is hardly sex. He is a will-o'-the-wisdom defining issue, running his party on the bubble of anti-Manning emotion. He may yet get that Commons seat back, but the bigger question is whether he will have anything to say once he gets there.

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DEALER OF EXCELLENCE

Hot days in Ottawa

As MPs prepared to go on their three-day summer break, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien ordered another round of questions in the House over allegations of conflict of interest. On Wednesday, the Reform caucus walked out of the Commons in protest, saying that Chrétien was an "example of Parliament" for not adequately explaining government grants given to Quebec businessman Clément Godbout, a contributor to the Liberal party who had business links to the prime minister's blind trust.

Air-traffic deal

Three months before a government deadline for an imposed settlement, air traffic controllers reached a consensus agreement with Nav Canada, the non-profit corporation that runs the country's air-traffic control system. The measure 39-month deal, which will be voted on in July, would give the 2000 controllers an average 34-per-cent wage increase and lengthen their work week by two hours to 36 hours. Nav Canada also agreed to establish a committee to study stress, fatigue and other workplace issues.

Marriage vows

The federal Liberals opposed a Reform party motion saying that a legal marriage can only take place between a man and a woman. The vote occurred a day before the release of a new poll showing that 53 per cent of Canadians favour legalizing marriage for gay and lesbian couples.

Considerable resistance

Military spokesman André Marin said that, one year after being appointed to his newly created position by Defense Minister Art Eggleton, he still cannot begin to implement any of the 350 changes he has received because he and the department of national defence cannot agree on a detailed mandate for his office. Marin said a new understanding that senior military officials have shown "considerable resistance throughout the process."

Murder in Montreal

A man killed in the door of a women's shelter near Montreal and tallied Gamma Ray, 42, with seven shots from a hunting rifle. Ray's husband, Michel Simard, was charged with murder. The incident raised concerns about safety in women's shelters.

A close win for Manning

Preston Manning seemed relieved by the outcome. Other than to say the Reform party released the results of an internal party referendum on pursuing Manning's dream of a right-wing United Alternative. In the end, 66.5 per cent of those Reformers who stood were in favour of the outcome, which would see Manning's party partner a coalition with Conservatives. About 50 percent of the party's 65,000 members voted, with a majority of Reformers in eight out of nine province backing Manning's plan (there was no recorded vote from Prince Edward Island). Saskatchewan voted against the UVA.

Tory Leader Joe Clark, who remained resolutely opposed to the United Alternative, characterized the referendum results as "hugely overwhelming." In fact, during the run-up to the voting, which took place over the month of May, a group of 17 dissident Reform MPs campaigned against a coalition with the Tories (Reform has a total of 59 MPs). Last



Manning pursuing a United Alternative

week, after the referendum results were released, they promised to abide by the outcome—so long as Manning agrees to his promise to hold an open leadership contest if he creates a new political entity. One of them, Manitoba MP Jake Flanagan, said he would be seeking those seeking the leadership—because the new party has to be “founded with the same principles that Reform had.”

Facing the wrath over God

British Columbia MP Svend Robinson filed a petition in the House of Commons to have a reference to God deleted from the Charter of Rights and Freedoms—and was roundly condemned from all sides of the political spectrum. His own New Democratic Party, which was founded in part on religious principles in 1933 as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, represented Robinson by kicking the Burnaby/Douglas MP off the front bench. The petition was drafted by the Humanist Association of Canada and signed by 1,000 people.

Focus on a killer

The Walt Disney Co. sprung a plot after reports that the company was planning to use the story of sex killer Paul Bernardo, along with tales of other notorious murderers, to publicize the upcoming new Spike Lee movie *Sons of Sam*. Goeffrey Amans, Disney's state vice-president of marketing in Los Angeles, said Disney will "absolutely, pos-

sibly" axe refer to Bernardo or other killers in its marketing for the film, which chronicles the 1977 Son of Sam killings in New York City—and added the classification may have been but half of a newly listed problem. At Kingston Penitentiary, maximum security, five inmates refused a guard at the segregation unit, where Bernardo is housed. Officials were investigating the possibility that the inmate was armed at Bernardo, who is widely despised by other inmates.

To Keep the PEACE

By Tom Fennell

As a veteran peacekeeper, Maj. Paul Fleury is no stranger to hostile foreign scenes. But his work, as he stood in the sweltering sun near the Kosovo border watching his troops load ammunition into their green Coyote armoured vehicles, he knew his assignment would be the most dangerous yet. Fleury and the troops he is commanding from the Edmonton-based Land Strikers 115th Regiment were among the 200 Canadians that crossed with a huge convoy of British armoured units to Kosovo on Saturday to help open a critical corridor allowing thousands of NATO soldiers to fan out across Serbia's war-torn southern province. The Coyote crews, peering from behind machine guns, were on the look-out for stragglers from the remaining Yugoslav army, and filed critical reconnaissance information back to the main force. A determined Fleury bluntly told *Maclean's* that even if they came under heavy fire, "we intend to enforce the peace."

The uncertain peace that took Fleury into Kosovo was reached just eight hours earlier, as a cancellation of just over a month ago had been called off to set up a small military base in neighbouring Macedonia. After 78 straight days of bombing, and five days of intense on-ground offensives, the opposing Yugoslav and NATO commanders finally emerged with a deal. Ormed in green battle fatigues, both claimed victory. Nearly 3,000 Serbian soldiers may have died in the conflict that began on March 24, and NATO warplanes have unquestionably devastated the country's economy, but Yugoslav Gen. Slobodan Marjanovic can claim "President Slobodan Milosevic has won." Then, he stepped into the darkness at NATO's ground command centre. Lt.-Gen. Mike Jackson of Britain made it clear that the enemy was in full retreat. "The Yugoslavs had just 11 days to get out of Kosovo," he said. "In the world as it is structured it breached," warned Jackson, "air operations will resume."

"NATO may have won the war without suffering a single combat casualty, but now it will have to win the peace—and that could take decades in terms of what economic重建 at \$50 billion. Not only must the alliance retain some one million ethnic Albanians to what is left of their homes, it must continue to balance competing political interests in the region that threatened to spin out of control just hours after peace was declared. Early Saturday morning, against all pretences of a united advance, a column of Russian armour and 200 Russian troops jumped the gun and rolled into Kosovo where Serbian civilians gave them a rousing welcome in the province's capital of Pristina. Under the terms of the pact, Kosovo has been carved up into five regions, each controlled by a NATO country. But Russia, which was instrumental in negotiating an end to the war, wants no one sector to police in Kosovo. "It's very important the Russians can't do that," said Monday Dimonov, 18. "They are on our side, while NATO openly supports the Albanian side."

Throughout the Kosovars, top Russian officials—including President Boris Yeltsin—have talked tough war, avoided a direct confrontation with NATO. However, handling the defence ministry line pushed for a strong response. "Russia," said foreign minister Igor Ivanov, "will not take part with a second-rate standing."

Political intrigue in Moscow is not the only obstacle to Kosovo's future. Analysts warn the peace accord itself may yet come back to haunt the alliance. Unlike the



British helicopters lead the first NATO troops into Kosovo; few people are taking questions about the larger policy issue.



The fragile accord that stopped the bombing of Yugoslavia could be very good news for President Slobodan Milosevic

revised package the two powers offered Milosevic in Ramboville, France, in early March, the new pact could ultimately force NATO to combat the Kosovo Liberation Army on behalf of Serbia. Under Ramboville, citizens of Kosovo were to vote on whether to become independent, but under the NATO plan adopted by the United Nations last week, Kosovo remains part of Serbia. As a result, says Avni Iltisan, a professor of international relations at the University of Tanta, NATO could be rid now of its high-risk mission there, bottle it off to Cetinje, and "few people are raising questions about the larger policy issue."

In fact, warmer powers already decided the peace talks when the Yugoslav government first met them NATO counterparts in Macedonia. The Yugoslavs wanted to ensure that troops from Russia, Belgium's fragile Stork City, would be involved in the peacekeeping force and that the force would operate under the wings of the UN. They walked away from the bargaining table when an agreement was reached. The Group of Eight industrialized countries, including Russia, then huddled in Cologne, Germany, for two days and hammered out some delicate modifications. The Canadian

delegation left Cologne enthused. "Good faith went a long way," said one Canadian official. "That's all they needed."

Under the new pact, Russia agreed to allocate as many as 10,000 soldiers to the 50,000-strong peacekeeping force, which NATO would command under the auspices of the United Nations. NATO then suspended its bombing campaign, allowing the UN Security Council to pass a resolution accepting the pact, and peacekeepers from 23 countries were deployed across Kosovo. If the Serbs complete their withdrawal as planned, the province will be ringed by a five-kilometre demilitarized buffer zone along its borders. It will also be divided into five sectors, each controlled by a major power—Italy, France, Germany, Britain and the United States.

And just as Canada's 600 troops in Macedonia prepared to guard east Kosovo, Defense Minister Art Eggleton announced that Ottawa would send another 500. Most will come from the First Battalion of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry based in Edmonton. They are expected to quickly join up with the thousands of NATO troops, take and trade the daily patrols into Kosovo from Macedonia. NATO's first task

were to secure the hillsides and the main road north to Pristina. The Bosnian troops already in Pristina did not appear to be a threat. "In sum," said NATO commander Gen. Wesley Clark, "that will be able to finish this out in the fashion that soldiers normally do."

Obviously, the international force will pave the way for the return of the many one million ethnic Albanians, either forced from their homes or who fled in fear of the Serbs troops on the western side has already brought out many ethnic Albanians from hiding. "We are looking at a lot of internally displaced people," said Flisay. "When we go in there, these people may feel more secure and come out of the hills where they have been hiding."

That could cause other concerns. With the Yugoslav army in retreat, many Serbs in Kosovo fear reprisals from the KLA. Prior to the bombing campaign, there were only 180,000 Serbs living in Kosovo compared with nearly one million ethnic Albanians. In the agreement, NATO promised to demilitarize the KLA, which since the early 1990s has been battling for complete independence from Yugoslavia. Last week, KLA leader Hashim Thaci assured the group would not attack Serbian troops as they withdraw. But, he added, "we will defend ourselves if necessary."

Even with the KLA remaining, it will be hard for many Serbs to leave Kosovo, the spiritual birthplace of modern Serbia. At a small rally last week near Pristina, Serbian Orthodox Archbishop Arsenije urged those intending to stay or risk losing their sacred territory. "Whatever happens now," he implored, "stay in your homes, in your villages."

Those that do stay will have to confront their former neighbour as they return from refugee camps and forests for all countries. Canada accepted 3,000 ethnic Albanian refugees, and most are staying at military bases around the country. Arnis Gjaja, 38, who is bilateral son of Tomoša at CFB Borden, spoke for many when he told *Macleans*: "I want my life, my country back." Like Gjaja, Arnis Kupica, 15, was living a happy life in Kosovo. She was studying classical piano in Pristina, but now Arnis and 19 members of her family made the Borden barracks. As she used to learn how to rollerblade, she described how her eight bedroom hosts in Kosovo were



Flag waving Kosovar Serbs welcome Rhodian troops in Pristina. They are on our side!



Refugee Rujana: 'I'll go back'

torched—and how hamstrung the is. "I trust everything," says Arnis. "I'll go back the first chance I get. I'm determined, even if my house is burned down."

The international war crimes tribunal, led by Canadian chief prosecutor Louise Arbour, wants to look for evidence that many tens of thousands ethnic Albanians were murdered before reaching the refugee camps. It is poised to send teams of criminal investigators and forensic specialists into the damaged territory. Arbour has already charged Milošević with war crimes and will stay on that case and the end of the war until she has assumed her new job as a justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. To help Arbour complete her current assignment, a team of forensic specialists is now being put together by RCMP Chief Supt. Peter Miller at Ottawa. Although those same teams report that Serbian troops tampered with grave sites in order to hide evidence of mass killings, Miller says they will not be able to consistently examine such places. "Our people," he adds, "are familiar in dealing with crime scenes that have been tampered with, especially at murder scenes where people like to clean up."

Unfortunately, continue analysts Brian Arbour's desire to arrest Milošević and other accused criminals may ultimately prove impossible. Under the Rambouillet accord, NATO would have been allowed to seize Serbia proper, where it could have arrested war criminals. But under the new process adopted by the United Nations, NATO's turf is limited to Kosovo. "Basically," says Bošnjak, "the current agreement gives Milošević a safe haven."

While the mood of most people was upbeat in Belgrade following the end of the bombing, many also seemed resigned to having Milošević as their leader for years to come. "He will put on the garb of a pacemaker and reformer once again," says Nenad Čortić, a former Belgrade mayor and sometime ruling party official who now opposes Milošević. "He will negotiate for He will create new hot spots." And for the moment, that strategy will likely help keep the theorist who has thoroughly engrossed the West in the Balkans firmly in power.

With Brian Milner in Ottawa, Simon Olah at CFB Borden and Stephen Dymek in Belgrade

Mandela's final curtain

34-year Mandla, the 86-year-old founding father of modern South Africa, was the sole survivor of his generation. On June 16, two days before officially retiring to a cottage in the Basotho village of Qunu, where he was born, Mandla's third wife, Winnie, National Congress party leader and actress, Thabo Mbeki, won a whipping, 256 of the 400 seats in the country's National Assembly last week—just one seat short of the threshold necessary to underway change the country's constitution.

Clinton accuser divorcing

Paula Jones, the former Arkansas state employee who sued President Bill Clinton, responded last week to a crack case on a Little Rock head road in 1991, it being said for divorce by her husband of seven years. Aspiring actor Stephen Jones cites irreconcilable differences in their divorce petition. He maintains custody of the couple's two children and spousal support for himself.

Asthma, obesity rise

Americans are healthier than they were 10 years ago, showing declines in heart disease, stroke and infant mortality, among others. But there are still sharp differences between races, and obesity and asthma are surging upwards, says a report issued by the department of health and human services. A surprise finding for researchers: hospitalizations for asthma among preschool children has tripled in 20 years.

Cosby claimant freed

Armen Jaxkarian, the 24-year-old woman who claimed to be Bill Cosby's illegitimate daughter, was released from prison after serving just over half her 30-month sentence for trying to extort \$40 million (US) from the famous comedian. A federal appeals court ruled that she had proved beyond a reasonable doubt that she believed her claim.

Footprints in time

In an success case filed with pathologic diagnosis of mummification, French medical experts found the footprint of strength to 10-year-old boy, preserved in the soil for nearly 25,000 years. Believed to be the oldest human footprint in Europe, they are the subject of a legal dispute between the government and the senior researcher who discovered the core five years ago in the Ardèche region of southern France.



Getting a grip on Belgium's tainted meats

A French inspector checks a truckload of Belgian hams to see if they have been declared safe from the cancer-causing chemical dioxin. At least \$3.2 billion worth of Belgian meat and poultry has been destroyed because of food contaminated by transmission of dioxin. Belgium has guaranteed the offending firms' European neighbours are unaged they were not notified weeks ago when the tainted food was discovered.

Waiting for democracy

The voting went well, according to international observers. The counting was another story. By week's end, Indonesian themselves were taking to the streets, protesting the ghoulish slow pace in which Mulyadi's legislature was wading through bills. In the first free election in 46 years, opponents pleaded for patience in a country with 130 million voters stretched along an agricultural archipelago 5,000 km wide. With only one-third of its 17,000 islands

Gulfair party, the decisive vehicle of dictator Suharto before he was deposed last year, conceded defeat with 19.3 per cent of the vote, well behind the reformist party of Megawati Sukarnoputri, with 35 per cent. Still, Gulfair could cobble together a coalition with the handful of small Muslim parties. The new 350-member parliament, which will include 35 appointed representatives from the military, will join another 300 provincial and municipal delegates to elect a president in November. Leading candidates so far are Megawati, daughter of founding president Suharto, and career President B. J. Habibie, Suharto's hand-picked successor.

De-worming the Internet

A new Internet-borne infection called the ExploreZip worm shut down corporate e-mail systems in Canada, the United States and Europe for at least a day last week as software engineers tried to debug thousands of affected computers. Known as a worm because it doesn't replicate itself like the Melissa or Chernobyl computer viruses from earlier this year, ExploreZip quickly destroys files created by Microsoft programs—over a user's spear an attachment to a seemingly innocuous e-mail message it generates. Professional debugger believe the worm originated in Israel.

Amazon's Kingpin

By Jennifer Hunter

The most physically remarkable thing about him is his laugh, a wheezy-blend of whoopie-cactus and Passavant-carta, stinging deep from the diaphragm and swallowing the whole room. The laugh is no startling and infectious that a horseman on a Seattle street who once heard it began his own up-rounds imitation, now stopping for 30 minutes. That only made Jeff Bezos, founder and chief executive officer of virtual bookseller Amazon.com Inc., bellow even more. Always sensitive to his audience, Bezos can sit laughing as a marketing and media pundit journalism and cheer. Wall Street analysts. The sound of rib-tickling whoopie-cactus had, punctuating down the corridors of the Seattle-based bookkeepers, letting everyone know the howt has arrived.

At this point in his young life, Bezos, 35, can afford to be gleeful. Amazon.com, which is only four years old, has become the template for how e-commerce businesses should be run, the patron McDonald's of the Internet, with sales of \$392 million in 1998 and more than 30 million customers worldwide. Last year, Canadians spent \$82 million buying from Amazon.com and contributed to the virtual seller's growth at one of the largest bookstores in Canada. "They have blazed a trail for any company trying to create a business on the Internet," says David Steveson, president of Chapters Inc., the Toronto-based national bookseller that is trying to compete with Amazon with its own Web site. William Kirby, a University of British Columbia instructor who specializes in e-commerce, says he loves booksellers, "but Amazon provides convenience, a good price and lots of information, including book reviews."

Lately, though, Amazon has won fewer accolades and faced far more criticism. A couple of cranky columnists from *Barron's* magazine have suggested Amazon's shares are greatly inflated and disgruntled its stability to make money—the company posted a \$33.6-million loss for the first quarter of 1999 and has never earned a profit. *Barron's* latest article is titled "Amazon bomb," and the day after, on April 30, Amazon's share price fell again. Inspec-

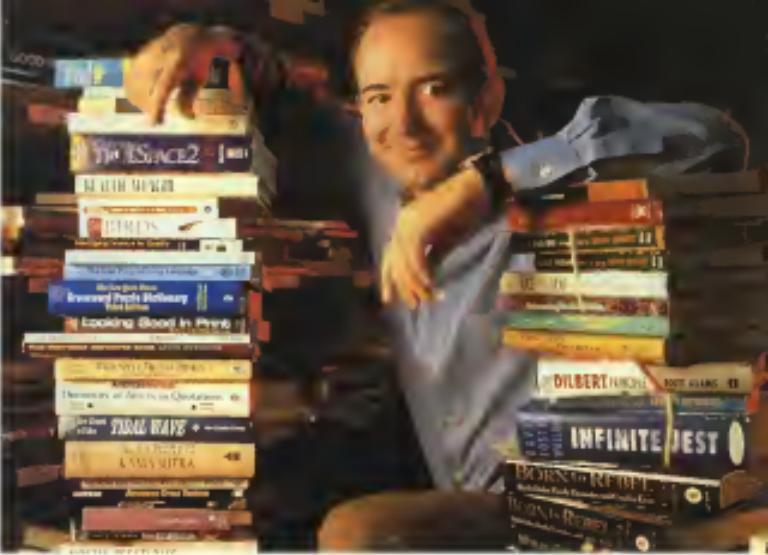
tors U.S. investors have begun marching down Amazon's stock from a spectacular high of \$221.25 (U.S.) per share in April to \$105.81 last Friday. (The stock was originally offered to the public in May, 1997, at \$18 per share.)

Still, Bezos keeps laughing, a happy billionaire who owns 41 percent of the firm. "Long-term, being a profitable company is extremely important to Amazon," he told *Adweek*. "But we think it would be shortsighted to operate for short-term profits. This is a fine-tuner investing in building great customer experience and introducing ourselves to new customers." In plain English, that means expanding beyond books, offering CDs for sale, setting up an online auction service, buying into a virtual grocery store, inventing a dragon's coin and fire core. He is trying to make Amazon a brand name like Coca-Cola. "Our vision is to be the world's most customer-centric company, where customers can come to find anything they want to buy," Bezos explains. Already, 56 percent of adult Americans know the name Amazon.com, according to a recent study by Opinion Research Corp. International of Princeton, N.J. Before Bezos, few had considered the expansive possibilities of the Seattle-based bookkeepers, letting everyone know the howt has arrived.

While the critics sneer and his company's shares plunge, Jeff Bezos digs in and expands his Web tentacles

of selling online. "He's brilliant," says Rick Broadhead, editor of *The 1999 Consumer Internet Handbook* and an e-commerce expert. "He had the vision to recognize the enormous potential of the Internet." In 1994, when Bezos was working as a vice-president for a hedge fund company in Massachusetts, he started a start-up service: Web was growing by 2,300 per cent a year. Bezos began to explore the entrepreneurial possibilities of developing an Internet business. He drew up a list of 20 potential products, including computer software, CDs and books. He determined books were the better. "There are three reasons why I put them around the world and with that many copies you can offer something other than what you could never offer in a physical store."

Much of what happened next has become Internet folklore: how Bezos left his lucrative job, writing what he calls "negative memo"—or raised opportunities low to his partner, Lance, in Fort Worth, Tex., borrowed his father's beat-up Chevy Trail Blazer, and with his wife, MacKenzie, drove to Seattle, where software experts were easy to find and less expensive than in Dallas. Bezos' first idea was to sell software to companies



Oregon warehouse of the Ingram Book Group, a giant distributor. With \$1 billion raised from family and friends, Bezos rented a house and set up his business in the garage. All of that may seem impulsive, the cracking of a penetrating comet, and the move seems the contrary, but Bezos relishes the eccentric, labelling himself a nerd and pointing to his allegedly powerful search and dog, Kama Sutra (named after a sex manual) to underline what he calls his "geekiness." "As a child I was not developed along any of the social dimensions," he says in his Bostonian patois, followed by a huge guffaw. He was born in Albuquerque, N.M., but led a peripatetic life growing up in Houston and Atlanta, due to father Mike's engineering job at Exxon Corp. As a three-year-old, he demanded his mother move him from crib to a bed. When she refused, he tried to dismantle the crib. By 14, he conducted experiments in the family garage, hoping to fashion a vacuum cleaner into a hovercraft. In the summer, he stayed with his maternal grandparents on their Texas ranch, learning how to hunt cattle. He went to Princeton University to study theoretical physics, but soon realized it was not his calling and switched to computer science and engineering.

In Seattle, Bezos and his crew of five worked from the garage for a year, figuring out how to source books and setting up the computer systems that let Amazon.com go to market. At first, he wanted to call the company Cadabra, as an abracadabra, but when he phoned his Seattle lawyer to test the name, the response made him reconsider: "Cadaver? Why

would you want to call your company that?" So the moniker Amazon, after the world's second-longest river, was adopted and in July, 1995, the company opened for business. Growth has been impressive. In September, 1996, Amazon had 100 employees. This year, it has 3,000, including seven in Britain at Amazon.co.uk and Germany at Amazon.de. "I didn't expect what happened to happen," Bezos says. "Anyone who did would immediately be sent to the doctor in white coats."

But reeling money will not come only from compensation from Web新秀们 such as New York City-based Barnes & Noble Inc. and Chapters in Ontario—broke Amazon's recent decision to halve the price of nation's *The New York Times* best-seller has sold more beyond books. While Barnes & Noble has about 11 per cent of the Web book market compared with Amazon.com's 85 per cent, it is growing rapidly. In Web sales for 1998 were \$162.2 million, while it has already ringing up \$47.2 million in the first quarter of this year.

Bezos says that without continued hard work and faith on the part of investors his company risks being a mere footnote in Internet history. "Amazon isn't the first of heart," he concludes. "We're trying to build something important and lasting." He envisions a small universe that will dominate the Worldwide Web. And if it's successful, he may very well have the last laugh on those who ever questioned that dream. ■

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Deirdre McMurdy

A boorish business

Earlier this century, an American woman named Emily Post gained widespread recognition in society circles as the social official arbiter of all that was right and proper. What looks appropriate to eat with a salad? Should a gentleman walk close to the menu or the water cooler when entering a lady? What is the appropriate sequence when making an introduction?

As the end of the century approaches, it's all too apparent that Emily Post's bushy game and long forgotten—particularly in the corporate world. And, it seems that with summer's arrival, established standards of deportment are melting away. Consider some recent examples and trends that could spread across the workplace. Although the North American economy is strong, companies continue to cut costs and eliminate jobs. Last week, Procter & Gamble Inc. announced it will chop 15,000 positions worldwide, and Caterpillar Pacific Ltd. plans heavy annual layoffs by accepting salary reductions of up to 20 per cent.

The pace of such indiscriminate sackings is apparent in other areas, according to a recent study by KPMG Investigation and Security Inc., 72 per cent of all corporate fraud is perpetrated by employees. Norman Inskar, the head of KPMG, notes that workers who commit fraud are usually driven less by financial gain than the expense of manners.

The prevailing perception seems to be that social graces are a waste of time or an unnecessary expense. Good manners are supposedly efficient: they provide a perfect template for the human interaction that still drives the world's work. If everyone would respect the rules of engagement, our socioeconomic clockwork would run much smoother.

This sense—along with the popular notion of "empowerment"—also encourages people to liberate others and shirk responsibility for their actions. That in turn leads to phenomenal waste: work such as "road rage," or more recently "car rage." Experts who have studied outbreaks of bizarre behaviour among car travellers usually blame deregulation and the likes. Car parks are crowding more people into less space and providing worse service at a higher price, we are told. Apparently that causes passengers to verbally or physically assault flight attendants. Self-restraint

never seems to enter the equation.

The lack of regard for traditional business etiquette extends to unusual greeting. Circuit Fridays, which began as a legitimate, limited campaign to raise money for charity, have spread like a virus. Many companies, especially those in the high-technology sector, were soon convinced that offering workers more creative ways of greeting each other was a good idea when making an introduction.

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Self, oh hope may not be lost. A few years ago, there were stories that newly rich hedge-fund wonder kids were retuning coaches to teach them how to break bread at formal business functions. Now, "chomping" Americans are in big demand. It seems that some business types have rediscovered the value and the challenge of good manners—verbally or physically through flight attendants. Self-restraint

Amoco checks out

Calgary-based Amoco Canada Petro-lease Co. is putting out of the conventional and heavy oil business in Canada by selling its oilfield operations, worth about \$3 billion. An estimated 250 jobs at Alberta will be lost. Amoco will, however, continue producing natural gas. BP Amoco PLC, the world's largest private-sector oil producer and Amoco's parent company, says the process provides for 100 Canadian oil operations in oil at great risk in upstream oil elsewhere.

Home wars

Hause Dépot Canada plans to open about 24 stores in Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick over the next five years, costing \$100 million. Hause Dépot's expansion ends its non-compete agreement with Quebec's Rino Dépot, which buys Hause Dépot out of Quebec and Rino Dépot out of the rest of Canada. The stage is now set for an all-out battle for Canada's \$1-billion home improvement retail business.

CIBC eyes Florida

The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce stands to offer banking services at Florida supermarket gas bar Wawa. Dieseau Sales Inc., one of the biggest U.S. food chains, The CIBC did not reveal details of its plan, but the bank has a 50-per-cent relationship with Lubbock, Tex.-based grocery chain Kroger Co. PC Financial funds that provide no-fee accounts and free charging.

Slashing jobs

The author of familiar household news like Vale International and Valemark is eliminating 15,000-plus jobs worldwide over six years. Canadian-based Peconic Inc. completed its decision to cut 13 per cent of its workforce in part of a plan to accelerate its growth and market development. The firm has 2,900 employees in Canada, but only between 25 and 30 Canadian posts are expected to be lost.

Canadian expansion

The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has issued Canadian-enterprise rulings to include a wider variety of TV programming. News, entertainment, magazine shows and regional programs will now count. Provo's Broadcast had argued the existing rules were causing it hard to compete in an expanded marketplace, and they welcomed the changes.

Lining up for Canada Trust

The financial community is abuzz with speculation that Canada Trust, the country's largest trust company, is about to be sold to one of the big Canadian banks. British American Tobacco PLC, however, is considering a bid for the rest of the shares of Interac Ltd., the Montreal-based corporation that owns CT Financial (the parent company of Canada Trust) among its diverse holdings. It would do a deal through, Canada Trust, Shoppers Drug Mart and other finance firms would be spun off, while BAT would keep Imperial Tobacco, the maker of Philip Morris' and du Maurier cigarette brands.

Reported citing sources close to the BAT-Interac negotiations say the British bank already has a deal on the table to buy Canada Trust, which has assets of \$46 billion. The CIBC is also said to have expressed interest in the trust, which it used unsuccessfully to buy in 1997. While these two banks would not comment, John Cleghorn, the Royal Bank of Canada's chairman, and he expected that if Canada Trust did go to the block, there would be more than one bidder and it "would go at a pretty high price." The Royal has not decided whether it would make an offer.

Financial outlook

The Canadian dollar shot up almost half a U.S. cent on Thursday after Statistics Canada reported that gross domestic



Safe talk: a royal could inherit the trust

But price could prove the undoing of the bigger BAT bid. News of the London-based tobacco giant's intention to bid for the 58 per cent of Interac that it does not already own sent Interac shares soaring, making a deal worth as much as \$12 billion. "At some point, BAT is going to say forget it," said Keith Howlett, an analyst at Research Capital Corp. in Toronto. Not only would acting Canada Trust be a shiny duck. Any takeover would have to be approved by the federal Competition Bureau and Finance Minister Paul Martin. Canadians may also raise concerns. Robert Kerton of the Canadian Association of Banks and Canada Trust was an innovative competitor whose sale to one of the big banks should be dismaying. "It inspired some measure of compassion," he said, "in a sector that otherwise would be completely complacent."

product grew at an annualized rate of 4.2 per cent in the first quarter of 1998. "The market generally was improving faster per cent," said Gordon Bell, director of foreign exchange at Scotia Capital Markets. "Some people are now suggesting we will continue to have good growth levels through the second half of the year."

The loonie, which closed the week at 68.4 cents (U.S.), was also boosted by the news that Japan reported an annualized growth rate of 7.9 per cent in the first quarter. Among Japan's pull-up the rest of Asia and is a major market for resource-exporting countries like Canada.

A STRONG SHOWING

Canada's GDP grew by an unexpectedly robust annualized rate of 4.2 per cent in the first quarter of 1998.

Source: Statistics Canada
 *Annualized rate

Year	GDP Growth (%)
1997	4.2
1998 Q1	4.2
1998 Q2	3.1
1998 Q3	3.1
1998 Q4	3.1



Ross Laver

Advertising Supplement to the June 21, 1999, issue of Maclean's Magazine

The Marie Antoinette of taxes

Even after his landslide victory in New Brunswick's election last week, The Canadian Press wire service was still referring to Conservative Leader Bernard Lord, 33, as a "scruffy kid in a suit," as though his elevation to the premier's office was some sort of trifle. It would, but in politics it never hurts to be underestimated by your opponents and the media. If Lord and his supporters were proof, they need only look to Ontario, where Tory leader Mike Harris, re-elected this month after trouncing the Liberals in the polls for most of his first term, has made a career out of defying the pundits and the political establishment.

Harris and Lord have something else in common: a belief that Canadians are too highly taxed. Over the past three years, Harris slashed the provincial portion of personal income taxes by 30 per cent. In the second term, he has presented a further 20-per-cent cut, as well as an unfair reduction to the provincial portion of property taxes. Lord isn't ready to go that far, but like Harris he is a supply-side believer who believes the cuts can lead to more, not less, revenue as more people work and the economy grows. His campaign platform held out the promise of a 16-per-cent personal tax break, plus a 25-per-cent cut to corporate income taxes on small business. Lord also wants to bring in a Taxpayer Protection Act that will require future governments to seek voter approval for certain tax increases.

Only a few years ago, politicians who espoused such views seemed to be dismissed as wild-eyed radicals. But Harris's success in Ontario has transformed the political landscape, forcing governments in other provinces to respond as kind—if not to the same degree—or accept the electoral consequences. Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon, facing an election in the fall, has promised a 10-per-cent tax cut; six more have also fallen recently in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick, outgoing Premier Claude Thériault cancelled a scheduled 2.5-per-cent tax cut for winter, a decision that almost certainly contributed to his defeat. In mid-campaign, he began pushing the notion of lower taxes, but the flip-flop only served to make his credibility.

Is there a tax revolt brewing across the land? So far, there's no evidence of one—and, besides, most Canadians outside of slow West, don't gain for popular uprisings. Then there's, however, a growing consensus that our current tax rates penalize innovation and success, and that lower taxes will collective trans-

fer wealth of living. Critics charge that people who advocate lower taxes are motivated by greed. There's undoubtedly some truth to that, but it's not the whole story. Cutting taxes creates jobs and promotes economic growth, which Canada must do if it is to provide opportunities for young people and ensure that the best and brightest do not leave for more favorable surroundings.

It's simple, really, which is why it's so disconcerting that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien appears to think lower taxes are un-Canadian. Last week, he told an interviewer that desperation for tax cuts comes from business leaders who secretly want to destroy the country's social safety net and remake Canada in the American model. Chrétien also claimed that Canada faces a brain drain and insisted that Ontarians who voted for Harris didn't necessarily want lower taxes. "They want to keep the same government, that's all."

Sorry, Prime Minister, but on this issue, Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon is right. Not only is it possible to run taxes without eviscerating health care and other social programs, it's essential. As the Information Technology Association of Canada pointed out last week, there are now as many as 50,000 vacant high-tech jobs across the country, in part because U.S.-based companies

find Canada a congenitally

friendly place for new employees. Cutting taxes won't eliminate the problem, but it will help. Like their liberalization and deregulation—two other policies that Chrétien's government supports—tax cuts can help make Canada a stronger and more prosperous country.

IT'S, OF COURSE, a bit of an irony that Chrétien's conservative reaction may be to dismiss an issue out of hand. In this case, perhaps he will learn to some of his own backbench—the nine Liberal MPs who form a majority on the House of Commons finance committee. In a report tabled last week, the committee called on the government to eliminate the high-income surtax, reduce the middle-tax rate of 36 per cent and increase the income level at which the highest rate of 29 per cent takes effect, currently \$65,000. All of those measures, it says, will enhance productivity and reduce the gap in living standards between Canada and the United States—a gap that Chrétien doesn't seem to think matters.

When Liberal MPs are pushing for tax cuts, you know something fundamental has changed. Too bad their leader doesn't get it.



Citizens in Ontario let them pay up

Crowning the Export 'A' Skins Champion

Over the last couple of years, golf has grown exponentially that the top players are inundated with offers to tee it up around the globe. Except for the Majors, it has become nearly impossible to gather the very best together. But imagine this year for the Export 'A' Skins Game presented by Emerson, the cream of the crop—Tom Watson,

David Duval, John Daly, and Mike Weir—have come to play for the

Northern Lights Trophy and a prize pot of \$360,000. But it is not all about money, they are also coming with to play for pride and to have some fun with their Canadian fans.

The Export 'A' Skins Game will be held at Le Diable golf course in Mont Tremblant, Quebec, with the first nine being played on Monday, June 28, and the back nine on

Tuesday, June 29. The game will get some coverage across Canada on CBC television and throughout Quebec on the RDS network.



Le Diable... C'est magnifique!

The Laurentian mountain range, north of Montreal, is the setting for the aromatic Le Diable golf course.



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EXPORT'A'

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**COUPLES
DUVAL
DALY
WEIR**

June 27-29 Le Diable
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Advertisement Supplement

Player Profiles

John Daly



There has never been a golfer quite like John Daly. With his "grip it and rip it" philosophy, Long John via the LPGA Tour player to average over 300 yards to his drives. Of course, Daly is more than a one-trick wonder. At one point last season, he led the Tour in both the driving and putting departments.

While the popular boyish right-hander surprised many at the PGA Championship in 1991 and has played on two of the 1995 British Open teams, Anthony, the 33-year-old's greatest attribute may be his connection with the galleries. Laughter, with encouragement from the gallery, after he finished putting out on the 17th green at Crookedwood Cove, PEI. Daly led one up in

the fringe and crushed a drive 360 yards into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Frustrated with his wayward driver, he pulled out the putter on the 18th tee and cracked the ball nicely, 240 yards, landing safely in the fairway. After the cooling and swaying down, Daly豪笑了 20 feet about the same distance to reach the green in regulation. "I had a great time in Prince Edward Island last year and really enjoyed the fans. It'll be great to crush the ball against Fred this year," says Daly.

Mike Weir



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he Stein Game foursome. "I've played with Mike a couple of times and I've told him, 'I have a lot of confidence in your game,'" said Mark O'Meara. "He has good technique, a good swing and he hits the ball a long way," summed up the Masters and British Open champ.

The confidence Weir picked up at the Export 'A' Stein Game carried over to the PGA Qualifying school. Considered one of the most grueling events in all of sports, 'A' school is a non-day-long marathon that tests both the physical and mental strength of the players. Weir was up to the challenge, finishing a final-round 64 for a cumulative score of 94 under par, which put Weir into first place and secured his PGA playing card for 1996.

Weir's biggest hole-in-one came at the BellSouth Classic in April when he was tied for the lead going into Sunday's final round. Although Weir and the rest of the field were eventually overtaken by David Duval's charge, the Canadian finished fifth. So far, 1995 has been the most financially successful year of Mike Weir's career.

There's always to be a golden opportunity to play above the golf game of Fred Couples. However, Weir isn't a shot that looks like it's headed for trouble; Fred flashes his me-shucks smile and the ball veers back to a playable lie. The sun has been especially strong during the Export 'A' Stein Game. The 39-year-old has played in all six Stein Games held in Canada, capturing the event four times and winning a staggering \$175,000.

The magic was in full force again last year at Crookedwood when Fred grabbed a total of 10 skins and was presented with a cheque for \$200,000. The key to Couples' winning ways was his 7-iron approach shot from the rough on the 14th hole. Fred wasn't happy with the swing. "Oh man, that felt ugly. That's only half-way," claimed Couples. But the stars aligned themselves and the ball bounced and then rolled to within 18 inches of the cup. Fred tapped in for eagle and collected four skins and \$80,000. "I got very lucky," said Fred afterwards with his characteristic modesty. Of course, any player who has won the Masters, 14 PGA tournaments and two Player of the

Fred Couples



Player Profiles

Year awards in much more than just luck.)

Couples has cut back substantially on his Tour schedule but has set aside the time to come to Canada to face it up against Daly, Durel and Wieser. "The Export," A'Skins Game keeps getting more competitive and interesting. "It's one of my favorite tournaments," says Couples. "We had great fun about La Diable."

David Duval



David Duval has never sought out hero worship or torture. In fact, he has always looked like he would be happy finding him the spotlight. But now, his third major title and a top-10 finish at the Masters, Duval can no longer quietly sneak up the leaderboard.

After a couple of frustrating years when he posted seven sub-par finishes—in October 1997, the Jacksonville, Fla., native finally busted loose by winning the PGA stop in Virginia. He then promptly won the next two tournaments, including the Tou Champsagne.

The amazing-winning streak, spelled over into 1998 and 1999, in the 18-month span from October 1997 to April 1999, Duval put up startlingly good statistics. During that time frame, he won 11 times in just 34 starts and earned \$6,458,281 U.S., an average of \$189,950.91 per event. Among the highlights was his first-round score of 59 to win the Bob Hope Classic. He is only the third PGA Tour player ever to shoot this ridiculously low number and the only one to do it during a first round. Duval, who started the day seven shots back of the leaders, says of the superintendent SR, "Humbled, I just felt humbled."

His other headline smash was at the Players Championship in March, held at Pete Dye's famous Sawgrass layout near Jacksonville, Fla. The greens were as fast as marble, the fairways no wider than a matchstick and many of the world's top players were shooting in the 80s. But Duval was able to control the course, and his nerves, to finish under par, proving again that he is the game's hottest star.

Le Diable

Less than a decade ago, Mont Tremblant, the venerable resort in the folds of the Laurentians north of Montreal was run down and worn out. But that all changed in 1991 when Tremblant

was purchased by Intrawest, the Canadian property company and resort operator. During the first phase of redevelopment, Intrawest pumped an astounding \$487 million into the resort, and by the end of 2000, close to \$1 billion will have been injected into Tremblant.

One of the keys to turning Tremblant into a four-season playground is golf. In the early 1990s, Intrawest commissioned architect Tom McHCool to build the resort's first course. Le Diable, which came out of this granite shell and hardwood forest at the base of the mountain, was indeed such a success that Intrawest turned nearly 10,000 rounds in its first season.

Last July, Tremblant claimed Le Diable, which was designed by the team of Michael Hardman and Diana Fry, who earned major accolades with the building of the Gothic Chapel and Devil's Panorama bridge north of Toronto.

Le Diable, named after the ever-evil winds around the edge of the course, is destined to become another added winner. It stretches 6,901 yards from the 1st block to 7,006 yards from the tee. It also boasts a unique mix of Augusta-style golf—nine of the holes are bordered by vast waste bunkers—while others feature towering white pines, long canyons over water and dramatic elevation changes.

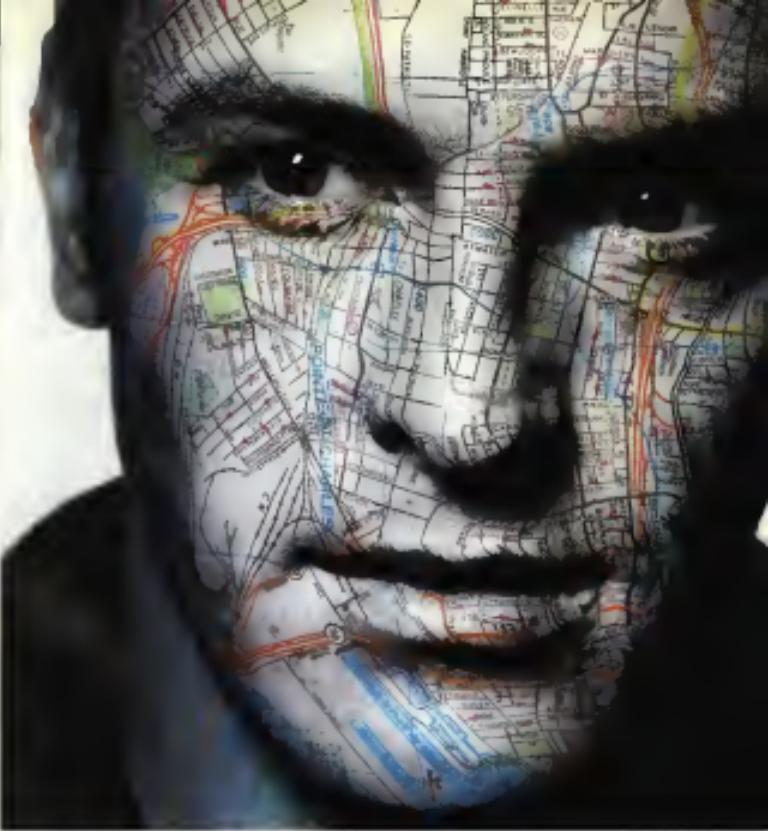
"There are not many golf courses that offer such a diverse experience," says Reiske Hellstrom, who oversaw the building of Le Diable and is coordinator for the Export-A'Skins Game. "On one hole, golfers are launching it into the air against a mountain backdrop, on others they are trying to clear the ponds and waste bunkers and then on another they are forced to find tight fairways that are guarded with the big pines. Le Diable just has so many characteristics," says Hellstrom.

Each hole at Le Diable offers its own challenge. "On the front nine, numbers five and six are the holes to watch for," says Hellstrom. "Five is a 600-yard monster that plays slightly uphill. It will be fun to see if John takes it to the green in two. The ninth is a par 3 that has an elevation change of 20 metres and the tee box sits on a cliff edge," says Hellstrom.

Like last year at Crooked Lake, the 18th hole may turn out to be one of the event's most important. "It's a 567-yard par 5 with a giant white bunker wrapped around a marshy green. The second shot will be crucial," says Hellstrom, who adds, "We can't wait to see how four of the world's top golfers handle the challenges of Le Diable."



The Fabulous Le Diable



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The Royal Question



Can Edward
and Sophie survive
the spotlight
that proved
so punishing
to other
marriages in
the House of
Windsor?

By Barry Collier in London



If the tabloids had their way, this royal wedding would be remembered as the saga of Sophie's bare breast. It is a poignant story, even a little tragi-comic, about a beautiful princess and a career career girl. But it is also a thoroughly modern tale, a comment on contemporary ideas about some old institutions, marriage and the British monarchy in particular. The heroine, of course, is Sophie Rhys-Jones, the countess from Kent set to marry Prince Edward of the illustrious House of Windsor, seventh in line to inherit the throne now occupied by his mother, Queen Elizabeth II. For a time, it seemed as if Sophie and Edward's impending nuptials on June 19 might well unfold quietly, not exactly unnoticed, perhaps, but certainly the least public royal wedding in recent history, even though it will be televised live around the world. But then a naughty snapshot in a nice tabloid appeared—and things changed. "Everyone began to feel sorry for Sophie and suddenly remembered, 'Oh, there's a wedding happening,'" says veteran royal watcher Judy Wade.

There were, to be sure, howls of indignation when London's Sun chose to publish last month the now-infamous picture: an 11-year-old snapshot of British television star Chris Tarrant playfully raggng at Rhys-Jones' bikini top to reveal a single breast during a car trip to Spain. "Pre-meditated cruelty," complained Buckingham Palace. "A gross invasion of privacy." Karen Nobile, Rhys-Jones's former colleague who took the photo, sold it to the Rupert Murdoch-owned daily for a reported \$930,000, was fired by her employer, a London radio station. Even Prime Minister Tony Blair felt moved to issue a public condemnation. In the face of the outcry, the Sun agreed to donate all profits from syndication of the photo in charity and published a grovelling, full-page apology. "We thought we were getting a scoop, but it was like, gawd," said the newspaper. "We thought it showed the fun-loving side of a woman who is bringing a breath of fresh air to the royal. We were wrong."

Still, if the photo had not appeared when it did, there was a good chance that Sophie and Edward might well be married in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle so they had originally hoped, in something approaching relative privacy, or at least as close to that state as any royal marriage can be. "It is certainly the wedding that has attracted the least enthusiasm of any royal wedding in my lifetime," lamented author Harold Bloom-Baker, publishing director of *British Prestige*, the authoritative guide to the British monarchy. And that speaks volumes, not only about howd public appetite, but also about the continuing uneasy state of the House of Windsor as it struggles to redefine itself amid all the pressures to modernize the British monarchy.

Much is riding upon Edward's union with Sophie. He is the last of the Queen's four children to reach the alter. All of



the other marriages ended in failure, generally in spectacular fashion. The public has become seriously disenchanted after the sounding years of royal soap operas—the divorces, the adultery, and the tragic signs of Diana, Princess of Wales. "Another royal bust-up could be fatal," warns Brooks-Baker. "Sophie and Edward are going to be closely watched. I would not like to be in their shoes."

From the outset, both the prince and his bride-to-be have recognized the perils. Neither can be described as freshly minted. Edward is a bolding 35-year-old, Sophie a 36. Their courtship has been long, more than five years, a far cry from the whirlwind, month-long romance of both Edward's older brother, Prince Charles, and Diana, and his other brother, Prince Andrew, and Sarah Ferguson. While the couple steadily deny it, they have been virtually living together for the past three years. Sophie spends weekends at Windsor Castle and holidays at the Sandringham and Balmoral royal estates. She has her own apartment, in the same Chelsea block that once occupied by Diana, but she is also in possession of a priced inheritance just to get her through security at Buckingham Palace, where she occupies a suite of rooms close to Elizabeth.

Nowhere is the contrast between Edward and his brothers more stark than in the ceremony planned for the Saturday nuptials. "Sophie and Edward are making every sure that this wedding is different from the others," says author and journalist Wade, "almost as if they feel they have something to prove, that their marriage isn't going to end up like the others." The venue itself is no so much a break with tradition as a return to the earlier, smaller royal weddings favoured by Queen Victoria and nearly all of her children. St. George's Chapel, inside the grounds of Windsor Castle, 35 km west of London, is the spiritual home of the Order of the Garter, under whose brightly coloured banners So-



Sophie and Edward attended a wedding in 1986. Diana (top left) and Sophie, eventually divorced, are the Princesses of Wales

phie and Edward will be married Still, with a seating capacity of 600, it is not exactly intimate. But the guest list pale in comparison with the 2,700 who attended Charles and Diana's 1981 wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral and the 1,800 on hand when Andrew and Sarah wed at Westminster Abbey in 1986.

By most standards, however, the wedding is still going to be a royal extravaganza. In addition to the 600 guests inside St. George's Chapel, another 500 will attend a sumptuous post-wedding reception in the state apartments. On the express wishes of the Queen, in her drive for royal modernization, members of the public have also been "invited." Eight thousand tickets have been released free on a first-come, first-served basis to those keen to glimpse the wedding party from a grassy area outside the chapel. Afterward, the newlyweds will travel in a horse-drawn carriage procession through the streets of Windsor. The entire 45-minute service, which begins at 5 p.m. (noon eastern time) on June 19, will be televised on all major British networks, and at least 20 other countries including Canada, where it will be seen live on CBC, Newsworld and CTV News 1.

In an attempt to portray a new image, the bride and groom are departing from tradition in several key areas. There will be no military guard of honor, therefore none of the shunting bears and bright uniforms typical of many royal events. Neither will there be elaborate waltzes with the hallmark of upper-class British weddings. Women guests in particular will be drawn into a fashion tour over the 5 p.m. wedding, as men will be unsuitable for no less than the day. Glitterous cocktail and evening wear will, instead, be the rage.

Even the couple's wedding invitations have a contemporary

"The royals like Sophie, frankly, because she's boring to the public. They know she's not going to overshadow them."



Bagshot Park: the most lavish of the Queen's children's homes

airy air, at least by the rigidly formal standards of the House of Windsor. Unlike Charles' wedding announcement, on which the Queen and Prince Philip seemed giddy "in the marriage of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales," Edward's invitation reads: "the marriage of their son Edward." It is believed to be the first time in the history of the Royal Family that the words "their son" have been used.

Pedigree the most remarkable feature will be the extraordinary diversity of those invited to share the couple's big day. Although details of the guest list have not been confirmed, it is known that the likes of Sophie's cousin cousin from London, great east end will be brought together with the Sultan of Brunei, Prince Mahaiblai and his wife, Cherie. A scattering of famous faces from the world of showbusiness is also expected. One notable absentee will be Charles' companion, Camilla Parker Bowles. She has not been invited. Neither has the Duchess of York.

Sophie Helen Rhys-Jones was born on Jan. 20, 1965. Her father, Christopher, is an executive with a tire import-export company. Her mother, Mary, was a secretary who took extra typing to help put their daughter and son David, now a 36-year-old insurance executive, through private school. They now live in a Victorian farmhouse in the Kent village of Brenchley, just outside Tonbridge Wells, where Sophie grew up. The family is solid, successful middle class, with just a trace of blue on the neither branches of the Rhys-Jones tree.

On one side, there is a hint of aristocratic Welsh blood, and on the other a link with royalty. The 1st Viscount Moleworth, a 17th-century diplomat, is a distant ancestor. By the time she met Edward, in August, 1993, Sophie had followed a path well-trod by many middle-class English young ladies: she took a secretarial course, did a stint on the Swiss slopes for a ski company, backpacked around the world, and, before Edward, was involved with other men.

Royal romance first blossomed at a charity tennis match organized by the public-relations firm for which Sophie then worked, and attended by Edward. When a celebrity player failed to turn up, Sophie graciously stepped onto the bench, afterword posing for a now-famous photograph with the prince, her arm draped comfortably over the royal shoulder. Won over by her down-to-earth nature and easy smile, Edward asked Sophie for a date. Soon, he was making regular telephone calls to her west London office, under the code name Richard, one of his middle names. Few were fooled, particularly when he began wooing her with deliveries of lavish bunches of flowers. Sophie's father was so overwhelmed he knocked back a gin-and-tonic before 10 a.m.

Within a year, in a telling demonstration of his place in Edward's affections, Sophie was invited to spend a weekend with the Royal Family, including the Queen and Philip, aboard the Britannia. It was a terrifying make-or-break few days for a newcomer with no experience of dealing with royalty. But Sophie evidently passed the test. The Queen found her charming, despite famously remarking, "You wouldn't notice her in a crowd." But it was Princess Anne's approval that was the day. As she observed Sophie learning how to windsurf, she admired her as a "dame," and was impressed with her ease of banter-pumping. Those close to the royal talk of the appealing frankness of Sophie's approach.

Why Wade claims the main reason for Sophie's acceptance by the Royal Family is that she poses no threat. "They like her, basically, because she's quite boring as far as the public is concerned. They know she's not going to overshadow them." Not everyone in the royal household has been won over, however. Charles is said to be cautious about the impact she will have on the family's public profile. "She has become very grand all of a sudden," confides a source close to the prince's office, "and there is concern about that."

When she was a girl, Diana refused to take Sophie's calls, apparently according to royal protocol because the young woman seemed to be such a physical clone of the Princess of Wales, herself. Sophie has recognized the problem. "I've been blamed on Diana from the day I stepped into the public eye," she acknowledged in a 1997 interview, before Diana's death later that year. "But I honestly do not

Who's next?

The line of succession to the British throne passes through the Queen and then children, then Prince Anne and her

- 1. Prince Charles
- 2. Prince William
- 3. Prince Harry
- 4. Prince Andrew
- 5. Princess Beatrice
- 6. Princess Eugenie
- 7. Prince Edward
- 8. Princess Anne
- 9. Peter Phillips
- 10. Zara Phillips

The failed royal marriages

Couple	Married	Lasted
Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones	1960	18 years, 18 days
Princess Anne and Capt. Mark Phillips	1973	18 years, 5 months, 3 days
Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer	1981	15 years, 30 days
Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson	1986	9 years, 10 months, 7 days



*Candid and
Glossy: the
couple's
courtship
is well under*

try and consider the way she looks or dresses." In another interview at about the same time, she tacitly confessed that she could never compete with Diana because of her own "studly, not quite firm, Welsh legs."

Despite working her way into the Royal Family's affection—*even* the notoriously hard-to-please Philip likes her—Sophie's courtship by Edward was intermittent. Initially happy in exile, the relationship slowly, Sophie later despaired that Edward would ever pop the question. "What can I do?" she asked a friend wistfully, soon after her 30th birthday, when the



Gathering the Queen's birthday on Saturday, Sophie royal bust-up could be fixed"

suggestions he was gay when directly asked by a journalist almost a decade ago. But other observers suggested the Queen encouraged the lengthy engagement to ensure that this marriage would not fail because of a bride who was unable to cope with the pressures of royal life.

As well, there was speculation Edward may have delayed popping the question because he was keen to first establish his financial independence through his television company, *Avalon Productions*. Last year, however, Edward finally got down on bended knee in the soft sand of the Bahamas, asking Sophie to marry him. "I was slightly stunned for a minute," Sophie merrily recalled. "Then I suddenly realized that I should actually answer the question. I said, 'Yes, yes please.'"

Blagdon Park, a sprawling estate with a \$2.5-million mansion and extensive gardens 50 km south of London, is where the couple plan to live once they are married. Although the newsworthy will be lessening, it is easily the most lavishly housed of any of the Queen's children. In royal terms, it also likely be the most unusual in that Sophie, as far as professional earnings are concerned, is the major breadwinner. The driving Mayfair public relations firm she co-owns, R.J.H. Ltd., employs eight people and has revenues of more than \$2 million annually. In contrast, Edward's production company has yet to turn a profit, accumulating losses of more than \$2.5 million over the past five years. But he has an income of about \$300,000 per year and receives almost as much from his mother to pay for the office that handles his royal engagements.

Money, however, is likely to be least of the worries confronting the future Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, as the odds that many royal watchers expect the Queen to bestow upon her youngest son and her new daughter-in-law for Sophie and Edward, the problem is money. They are going to have to demonstrate that not all members of the House of Windsor are bad at marriage.

With Sue Quinn in London

The rise of Anne

SHE WAS ONCE among the most beloved of British royals, so widely loved that the satirical writer Andrew Wright could safely, if unkindly, liken her to a "demanded queen whose passionate spouse could bind a press photographer at 100 yards." For years, she languished at or near the bottom of royal popularity polls. With her haughty looks, quick temper and acid tongue, the second child of the Queen and Prince Philip seemed destined to remain, as the once adored princess on British television, "a huge disappointment to everybody concerned." But times have changed for the Princess Royal, hence known as Princess Anne. "It used to be impossible to find anyone who had a good word to say about her," remarks Hazel Brooks-Baker, publishing director of *British People*, the authoritative guide to Britain's aristocracy. "Now, she's a star."

Pandemonium, while public attitudes have shifted, the princess herself has not. She remains, at 48, what she always been—unassuming, honest and avengingly immune to the post-Diana pressure to "modernize" the Royal Family. She is probably the least glamourous of all the royal sisters. She has not changed her hairstyle—not her wardrobe approach—in a decade. Her second marriage in 1992, to commoner Tim

Layton, was notable primarily for its lack of royal excess, costing less than \$5,000. Yet Layton has been smiling upon Anne of late, unlike most of the other members of Britain's beleaguered royal household. It is partly the result of their hard work. She is by far the busiest royal, tirelessly carrying out more than 600 engagements a year. But it may also have something to do with the blazer manner and prickly integrity she inherited from her crusty father. Despite close to 30 years as president of Britain's largest charity, the Save the Children Fund, she has publicly confided that she is not particularly fond of children. She has also reaffirmed freshen in the International Olympic Committee, for the right reason: she is one of the few members who never accept gifts

Barry Chase

The New Heartthrobs

The next royal generation is starting to turn heads and grab attention

By Barry Chase

THERE IS NOTHING quite like the peak of royal wedding bells to stir the stumbling passions of Britain's nobility. Ever since Diana's death, the "red carpet"—so-called because of the red title banners above their screaming headlines—have been studded of sex and glamour in their effusive coverage of the House of Windsor. But now that Sophie and Edward have whetted appetites, attention is turning to the next generation of royals likely to be noticed by romancer. Inevitably, the spotlight has focused on Prince William, Diana's darling son, even if marriage remains a distant prospect for the future heir to the throne, who turns 17 on June 21.

"His Royal Highness," as the tabs have dubbed him, is not yet a regular among the soots on London's social circuit, but William has been glimpsed with increasing frequency in Clubland restaurants, Battersea pubs and some of the more fashionably nightclubs in early morning Soho. On most occasions, ahead chains from upper-crust florists, when he is about to commence his first year, have been his companion. Irritatingly, however, he is being seen more and more of late in the company of the two children of Camilla Parker Bowles, the consort of his father, Prince Charles, and the woman his mother blamed for the breakup of her marriage. Friends report that William looks to Camilla's son, Tom, a 24-year-old film producer, for guidance on tennis versus—which became controversial after the *New of the World* and Tom had admitted using cocaine. Friends insisted he rejected it and had stopped. William also regards Camilla's daughter, Laura, 21, as a pal. And there is another Parker Bowles in the picture—Camilla's 24-year-old niece, Emma. Much breathless prose has suggested that William may have a crush on Emma.

If true, any relationship unlikely to remain a closely guarded secret, as will William turn 18. But the cameras are out in force for the young man who is fixating among the most eligible bachelors of all the royals. Princess Anne's son, Peter Phillips, 23, "He's a young man I'd call dangerously attractive," romance novelist Barbara Cartland told the *Daily Mail*. "The sort of chap I thought only existed these days in my novels." Ninth in line for the throne, Phillips, sonned at his mother's insistence, is a ruggedly handsome rugby-loving lunk. Friends say he is bound to join the Royal Marines, once he finishes studies in sports science at Exeter University. In the meantime, however, he has been spending a lot of time sparring a 23-year-old American heiress, Elizabeth Jagger, around the local clubs and horse paddocks of rural England.

Princess Anne's younger child, 18-year-old Zara, is also beginning to attract the unwanted attention of the British media, as much for her rebellious streak as for her romantic inclinations. Much to her mother's dismay, she showed up at the British Open Horse Trials Championship, held at Anne's Gloucestershire estate last year, sporting a tongue stud. The stud is now gone but Zara, 18, on line for the future, has remained in the spotlight by being linked to British Formula One racing driver David Coulthard. 28, in her final year at Goodwood, the Prince of Wales' old school in Scotland, Zara reportedly is given to relaxing between studies at Coulthard's apartment in Monte Carlo.

The most recent arrival on the scene is Lady Gabriella Windsor, christened "the royal hot-lips chick" by *NME* magazine. The only daughter of Prince and Princess Michael of Kent, Ella, as she is known, is 18 years old, 25th in line for the throne. She cut a stylish figure when she turned up recently at the wedding in Germany of Count Alexander von Schoenburg-Glauchau and Princess Luisa von Hessen, great-niece of the Duke of Edinburgh. She caught photographers' attention with a pearly pearl bar and a stunning monstrosity, Clearly, Ella seems destined to steal at least some of the limelight from her higher-ranking relatives.



William after dressing a finger a crook?

With Sue Quinn in London

A car that just may fly

An inventor is sure his hovering craft is the answer to gridlock

By D'Vora Jewish

Growing up in tiny Fraserville, B.C., 400 km east of Vancouver, Paul Müller easily had room for typical boyhood pursuits like hockey and snowshoeing. He was too busy building things. Between the ages of 8 and 10, he constructed a two-room shed, which his father, Niels, a charmer farrier, used for storage for decades. At age 13, he built a four-passenger float plane, which was 10 metres in diameter and powered by a motor. Three years later, he designed and began building a one-person helicopter. And one day, he saw something that would shape his life's work—a homebuilt aircraft in flight. "It was inspired by an early three-dimensional cartoon," he says. "It can hover and fly back and forward."

For three decades, Moller has been trying to develop a small personal aircraft with breathtaking flight capabilities. At 63, he may be on the brink of

Getting off the drawing board

Skylane

Passenger	4
Cruising speed	845 km/h
Range	1,450 km
Consumption per 100 km	7
Gross weight	966 kg
Power	220 kW
Skin (Wall)	$L = 0.001 \cdot P + 0.5$

succes. Now a resident of Denver, Calif., outside Sacramento, he hopes next month to make the first test flight of the Miller Skybox, a four-passenger aircraft designed to take off and land vertically—just as it flies at 630 ft/min. Skyeon is an improved version of an earlier man-powered aircraft—which flew more than 150 times and looked like a flying *can* from the numerous television series *The Jetsons*. With the Skybox, Miller hopes the day commutes will lift off from their driveways and fly to work—a real-life escape from the gridlock of expressways. Certification by the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration may be years away, but, he says, "when it goes bad enough, people will turn to take the alternatives seriously."

In fact, some aviation experts already take the Skopje seriously. Henry Laihoni, a systems engineer with the commercial aircraft division of Seattle-based Boeing Corp., assessed Mahele's technology in the late 1980s as part of a 110-member group that looked at hundreds of future transportation concepts, and he recommended the company consider investing in it. "It was blocked by a vice president who couldn't imagine Boeing doing anything like that," says

100 mmol/m² sec⁻¹ over 1 h.

Another supporter, Dennis Bushnell, a research scientist at NASA's Langley Research Center in Hampton, Virginia, told *Miller*: "The best way to do it is to go to the U.S." The *Skyhook* will become available to him, when atmospheric government regulations and anti-terrorist communications systems are in place to protect aircraft itself—without shielded pilots and passengers from being taken as hostages and without the risk of a nuclear or chemical warhead crashing.

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duct the air downward, providing the thrust needed for liftoff. The wings are then repositioned to allow the aircraft to move forward at a speed of up to 630 km/h in an altitude of 7,500 m, according to design specifications.

Skyron's managerial flight is planned to be a modest undertaking. The aircraft will be attached by a cable to an overhead crane about 30' high to prevent a crash should onboard equipment fail. Moller may make a loop or two over his company's property, which occupies less than four acres, but he will use various fighter shield. If the Skyron meets expectations, Moller intends to fly it for journalists before the year's end and promises "We'll put up a demonstration that will impress them."

Even if Skycar performs flawlessly, and eventually receives government approval, it would initially be cost-inefficient for the average consumer. Miller says the first versions could cost more than \$350,000, although the price could fall to about \$15,000 with mass production. He hopes to license the craft to a major auto manufacturer, which would produce and market it. Despite the am-

country; 100 would-be buyers have put down deposits of at least \$5,000.

Moller estimates that he has spent as much as \$125 million on the project since the early 1970s. He has financed his efforts by chipping in at critical development and producing commercially viable products like a high-performance crucible. As well, he has sold shares in his company, totaling \$40 million, some of which have remained faithful for years. "I'm a firm believer if I would have abandoned it a long time ago," says Kurt Weisbrod, a retired civil engineer from For Hope, One, who invested \$50,000 in 1979, half of which was for exclusive Canadian rights in the technology.

terrain. And Boeing's L-1011 views the Skycar as valuable for search-and-rescue operations as well as border patrols.

Those who revision such a figure for the Soviet ministry speak highly of the talents and energy of the man he describes. Miller acquired an aircraft maintenance diploma from what is now the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary, then landed a job with a Montreal aircraft manufacturer, Canadian Ltd. [which was later acquired by Bombardier Inc.]. He was allowed to take graduate-level aeronautical engineering courses at McGill University, even though he did not have an undergraduate degree, and would work up a PhD. In 1945, Miller began teaching at the University of California at Davis, and in his spare time, he started building rudimentary flying machines. More than three decades later, he still sits in it. "He's a visionary who has pursued his goal with intense energy," says McGill University astrophysicist Daniel Guillet, who studied with him. "He's an incredible individual." And he may revolutionize personal travel in the 21st century. ■



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Ann Dowsett Johnston

The luxury of learning

As chief of geophysics at NASA in the early '70s, he was involved in amateur tramping, experiment selection and choosing a landing site for the Apollo missions. During his 12 years as president of the University of British Columbia, he used the reason as well, taking the art of fund-raising to new heights. So why, at 65, is David Strangway investing his considerable energy in creating a small liberal arts institution—Canada's first non-religious private university—in Squamish, B.C., of all places? A jewel of a school, costing as much as \$25,000 per annum, is struggling, costing logging town half-way up to Whistler? Even Strangway approaches the topic "It started with the vision," he confesses. "I spent a number of years in the U.S., specifically on the admissions committee of MIT, and I became aware of the extraordinary uniqueness of the American liberal arts colleges and their quality of their graduates."

These weeks ago, that vision grew real. Arnon Laub Ltd., a Vancouver-based real estate investment firm owned by the Tampa family, offered 400 acres of land in Squamish to serve both as a campus and an investment stake. Scheduled to open in 2002, the yet-to-be-named university will use 80 hectares for its campus and housing, selling the remainder to jump-start capital and endowment. Within weeks, Strangway will be laying both architecture and a senior academic official. But the academic blueprints are already in place, ratified after such American schools as Cornell and Colorado colleges. Both are the so-called Block Plan, immersing students in a single subject in 70-week terms.

Gives the rotational nature of the program, Strangway believes that he will be able to recruit major international figures as panel faculty. He is presenting a 100% faculty student ratio, with a maximum of 1,000 students, half of whom will be drawn from other countries. All graduate will be required to master three languages: one Asian, one European and English. And since the school will operate year-round, students could potentially complete an undergraduate degree in two years. "There is an enormous social pressure to study something that gets you a job," says Strangway. "We will be promoting global citizens whose career-ready point will come later."

True. Embodiment applies Strangway's initiative as "the most exciting thing happening in liberal arts in this country." A predictably unanimous opinion, given that Embodiment 42, has signed as director of the new College of the Humanities at Carleton University in Ottawa. Embodiment was the founding director of that program, the one who coined the coinability and cherry-picked the students—who had an average entering grade of 88 per cent last year. A political philosopher, he has just returned from a one-month teaching tour at Colgate College—where Strangway himself was shopping for

ideas last summer. While Calenda charges \$32,126 in annual tuition, it has an endowment of \$430 million and offers financial aid to \$6 per cent of its students. The excesses of such an expensive—embodiment faculty lectures by Nobel laureates, a superb offering of cultural events—expresses Embodiment. What is so sensible about Strangway's plan? "Having successfully convened business of the value of the liberal arts," says Embodiment, "he's now removing what lies at its heart, the notion of a small, scholarly community. It's particularly bold and creative, given the current focus on business and applied studies."

But learning cutting connects can become paramount to many students. At the cost of higher education has soared, we have witnessed a generation—perhaps societal—shift in how we value a university experience. Last spring, when applications to Ontario universities were asked to rank their main reasons for choosing a particular school, giving a high-quality job was a top priority. Meanwhile, corporate and political players alike have been touting the vocational trump. Still, in a knowledge economy, a university's major resource is what lies between its students' ears. Need it be said that we are down to comparing ingenuity or consumer? Champions of a liberal education may argue when they hear the language of the marketplace being used to undermine its value. But don't let us return to the public that, at its best, a liberal arts degree holds critical thinking, teaches the most transferable skills of entrepreneurship and problem-solving? This year, Université de Montréal launched its Curier Portfolio program, designed to help arts and science undergrads identify the skills they are in the process of developing.

What happens to a society that devotes area of study that lack obvious professional links? Statistics may tell us that the death of the liberal arts has been greatly exaggerated. Traditionally, Canada has the highest enrollment in the humanities in the OECD. But as free trade sister choices, many high-school students have come to view a liberal arts education as a privilege, rather than an option. How do we account for those potential philosophy or literature majors who, spoken by the spectre of student debt, turn elsewhere elsewhere? How many dawans are willing to follow in the footsteps of finance Hal Jackson, who handed \$5 million to the University of Toronto last fall—for the humanities?

When Strangway opens his doors three years from now, the elite will be lining up to take their places—along with a small group on scholarships. "In the long run," he notes, "we will be the best endowed Canadian university on a per-student basis." Embodiment is a handful of forearm masters; the learning will be rich, and the world will sit at its feet.

Finally—a "cure" for bad breath!

For years, the cause of chronic bad breath has been mysterious, but a dentist's research has led to TheraBreath™, a dramatic treatment system that works naturally and effectively.

by Jason Williams

These days, people spend a great deal of time on their health, wealth and fitness. Exercise, nutrition and spirituality are granted well-being is important in principle not only for medical reasons, but for mental as well. Everyone wants to feel good and look their best. Unfortunately, many people around the world suffer from a condition that causes them to feel as bad as a health club, spa or even a hospital: chronic bad breath.

It is estimated that over 40 million people worldwide suffer from bad breath, or halitosis. In the past, treatment has consisted of masking the odor with mouthwashes or mints, or the latest mouth-wash-based breath sprays or the like, popping pills that claim to cure the problem in the shortest time. Some have turned to dental implants or dentures to mask the smell of the tongue or mouth. Breath that persists is often a sign of disease. The very best way to stop bad breath is to stop the problem, and this is the secret behind the revolutionary TheraBreath™ system.

You're the last to know. Because halitosis originates in the mouth, it is virtually undetectable by your own sense of smell. You may notice a bitter sour taste in your mouth or a whiff coming on the back of your tongue, but you generally don't smell it unless it's a problem in your family member, friend or co-worker. It brings it to your attention. At this point, you need an effective, long-lasting and easy-to-use method of eliminating the problem. Without proper treatment, chronic bad breath can lead to a loss of self-esteem, social isolation, career opportunities and can even result in depression.

The problem can affect your marriage, social life, career and relationships with family members. What's needed is a quick and effective treatment that works naturally with no side effects.

Coyd-Vill™ (A Proprietary Oxygenating Formula), the active ingredient in TheraBreath, transforms these odor-causing substances to sulfates, which have no taste or odor.

To solve this condition, TheraBreath has a solid oxygenator that tastes great and creates pleasant, natural breath. It contains no SLS compounds, so you will never suffer from an ammonia or camphor taste or any other side

A scientific solution. As a dentist with a degree in bacteriology, Dr. Harold Katz has been closely involved with the widespread nature of bad breath. It was not until his daughter came to him about her halitosis, however, that he began to research the problem in earnest. His studies led him to an amazing discovery about the source of bad breath: it does not originate in the digestive system, and the food you eat has no direct effect on your breath.

Germicides, however, contribute to the production of sulfurous gases in the breath of the mouth. Acids in acidic foods and proteins in dairy products exacerbate the problem. Bad breath is caused by bacteria that produce sulfuric gases. Many mouthwash medications for everything from high blood pressure to diabetes have the same drying effect, resulting in the formation of odorous gases. Mouthwash containing phenolic drugs contains phenols that are full of sulfides. Some treatments for halitosis contain Sodium Lauryl Sulfate, which can cause tissue damage. The only effective means of eliminating the sulfur gas production is to introduce oxygen to the breath, causing them to produce tasteless, odor-free sulfates.

Effective, safe and inexpensive.

WE ARE AT IT! Since 1991, Dr. Katz has perfected a breathing program for treating halitosis. By using these products on a regular basis, chronic infections can be eliminated and their problems.

The TheraBreath system eliminates the problem of halitosis or sour taste in the mouth. It converts gases into sulfates, which have no taste or odor.



Effectiveness. These products are all-natural and can help introduce a greater amount of oxygen into the mouth. It's mouthwash-free. **Try it risk-free.** The TheraBreath System is an effective, safe and easy-to-use solution to a troubling problem. If you can't take our word for it, try this product for yourself with our risk-free trial. We're sure that if you are not fully satisfied, just return it within 30 days for a full refund.

—M.C., Los Angeles

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Beach Blanket Bonanza

These lens to measure the differences between author Kathy Reichs and her fictional alter ego, Temperance Brennan, will find them easily ready. Before the often-imitating Montreal-based thrillers *Dish*, *Dish du Jour* star and *Brennan*, there is an attractive, sometimes ingenuous, forty-something American woman who is a forensic anthropologist—a discipline that draws some amazingly specific information from the remains of dead bodies. Because there are only about 50 such professionals in North America, Reichs divides her time—like Brennan—between North Carolina and Quebec, under contract to both governments. “It may not be a lift that appeals to everyone,” she allows with a slight smile. “But it keeps me challenged—and content.”

It also informs reader popular with millions of readers worldwide. Reichs’ debut novel, 1997’s *Dish*, made it as one of the top-new writing sensations of the decade. It was her first attempt at fiction, and she knocked it off in her spare time over three years, writing in early morning, on weekends and other breaks in a enormous schedule. She sent it to publishers “figuring I could send about 50 rejections before I gave up”—and received a \$1.7-million two-book contract from New York City-based *The New York Times*. The harrowing story of Brennan here for a serial killer, it won wide praise and awards, and was translated into 22 languages as it hit best-seller charts worldwide.

Dish du Jour seems certain to equal or surpass its predecessor. Beginning with Reichs’ trademark graphic descriptions of a crime—the one the embalmed body of a 19th-century man who is a potential saint—it shuffles between Quebec and North Carolina. Along the way, Brennan finds bodies in strange places, pursued danger and romance. Although some readers will find the plot often too heavily on improbable coincidences, it is all delivered with the fluid writing and often-witty, no-puff dialogue that

made her first book stand out. Reichs seems satisfied by the widespread praise of her writing: “I work at it,” she says matter-of-factly, “but it doesn’t come out very great anyway.” Few things astound her. Always fascinated by archaeology, she turned to forensic anthropology because it was “a similar field, but more interesting.” Although her work calls for her to deal regularly with bloodied, dismembered bodies, Reichs never feels repulsion: “A body is a body, alive or dead.” Even as a child, she fixed regulations while she wore a short hair description, low sume in the new book. While her lawyer husband had “nothing to say,” his three children, all in university, “were mortified.”

Reichs’ easy familiarity with Montreal life makes the city a central character in each book: colourful, flawed and always compelling. She has racenially put the lie to a long-standing belief that suspense novels set in Canada cannot sell south of the border. That, Reichs says, “never made sense. You’ve got this cosmopolitan city, part North American and part European, and far too interesting for Americans to ignore.”

Now, Reichs has a new concern for those same Americans. The next concern is *Mausuflit* (book name, and discussions are under way) with an undisclosed producer for a television series. In a concession to taste, she has taken leave from a teaching job at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte to strange places, pursued danger and romance. Although some readers will find the plot often too heavily on improbable coincidences, it is all delivered with the fluid writing and often-witty, no-puff dialogue that

Anthony Wilson-Smith



Reichs, a choleric writer and forensic anthropologist who is “never repaid by a body”

Lecter has a lot of charm, his penetrating intellect, courtly manner and appreciation for the finer things in life make him an otherwise compelling companion. And he usually only kills people who deserve punishment of *some sort*. But those who have no taste for reading about cannibalism, gatings or the intricacies of torture—especially for 48 pages—should just ignore *Hannibal*.

The novel picks up seven years after *The Silence of the Lambs*, which ended with Lecter’s escape from a maximum security hospital for the criminally insane. He is living in Florence, posing as a Renaissance scholar, and he stalks for fun his grown-up child, Clarice Starling, the rookie FBI agent who pushed his brilliant-disrupted mind far enough on how to catch another serial

killer,

has not fared so well. After her initial success, her career has floundered. She is put on Lecter’s trail when wealthy Mason Verger, one of Lecter’s early victims, wants revenge (he has specifically bred carnivorous pigs) and he needs additional help in tracking down his tormentor. What makes Harriet’s book truly twisted is that by the time he is done, Verger and the once-burnt-out who artfully stalked Starling’s career seem far more evil than Hannibal the Cannibal.

Another of the summer’s big books—at least if the publicity surrounding it is any indication—is *The Breathing Project* (Doubleday, \$29.95) by British author Richard Mason. He has enough enviable credentials—he’s a bachelorette Oxford student with a best-selling first novel—that seems almost unfair that his work is actually very good. Mason’s fast-paced tale of love, sex and judgment spans amply in the mid-21st century; 70-year-old married James Farrell confesses that he has just killed his spouse wife of 45 years, and successfully passed off her death as a suicide. The rest of the novel is Farrell’s frantic account, beginning with his youth in the 1930s, of how and why he came to murder his spouse. With an emphasis on water metaphor and the imagery of isolation—the couple spend much of their time on a tiny island off the English coast—Mason turns

Death du Jour and *Hannibal* head the list of novelistic great escapes

Whether it is on a cottage dock or a city dock, one of summer’s most leisurely pleasures is sitting down with a good novel—everything from a big blockbuster to mere literary fiction. A sampling of the season’s best by Michael Winters and editions.

What Star Wants: Episode One—The *Montreal Mirror* is the film industry—one of the most hyped movies of all time—fascinated by book publishing. In fact, the septet to Thomas Harris’ 1988 best-selling thriller *The Silence of the Lambs* increased the sort of attention usually accorded only to movies. On May 7, it was on the cover of *Entertainment Weekly*, and even before its release, its publishers doubled the print run to one million copies from 500,000. By the time *Hannibal* (Delacorte Press, \$39.95) reached bookstores last spring, however, it had formed its many critics and it subsequently debuted on *Montreal*’s best-seller list in the No. 3 position. Such hoopla gave the same question it did for the *Star Wars* prequel: can it possibly live up to the advance billing?

The answer it depends. Readers vanguard, rather than uniformly repaid, by Dr. Hannibal Lecter in two earlier novels and in the 1991 movie starring Anthony Hopkins, will find here repaidness in his evil. For a readership who eat people,

Farrell's behind self-analysis into a passionate, engrossing story. Small-town Ontario, two missing teenagers, plodding evidence and a recidivist defense counsel, stand familiar? Tomorrowsman Andrew Pyper, whose first book, the short story collection *Kiss Me*, was critically acclaimed in 1996, has written a dark psychological thriller that borrows from the Bernardo Goetz case and Pyper's own background in law and English literature. *Last Geek* (HarperCollins, \$27) has already received wide attention, including the notice of foreign publishers who signed Pyper up for two six-figure contracts for future novels before the novel was even published in May. The plot is simple enough. Criminal lawyer Bartholomew Crane, the associate in the aptly named Toronto firm of Lee, Geddes & Associates (known among lawyers at Lee, Geddes & Associates) arrives in the down-at-heels cottage country community of Mandisch to defend a half-crazed English teacher accused of murdering one of his students. A case-stuffing, tag-along-jugged bachelier in whom truth is mostly an inconvenience, Crane finds himself drawn into a mania crisis that is both personal and political. What sets *Last Geek* apart is its brilliant evocation of place and mood. Pyper uses an almost cinematic wealth of description till scenes are "blazed" (brown and yellow layers of wet earth), a meadow's face is

The season's fiction serves up plenty of thrills, chills and deep introspection

a "plastic bag with holes for speech and breath and sight." Those who like their whodunits straight up may become impatient with Pyp's penchant for set decoration, but for readers who relish metaphors with their narrative meat, *Last Gift* is a rich meal.

Being known as Spanish Robert Ludlum may not be as unusual in some readers' eyes, but *Ariosto* Pérez-Reverte's showy pretentious novels in translation have brought him a North American cult following. An aesthetically plotted as well as gaudily written tale, *The Fewing Master* (HarperCollins, \$36) is set in Madrid more than a century ago amid the intrigues of a vanished age. The framing master, Diego Jiménez Asturias, is the oversight of his life, and moves into a modest investigation after a closed case and its author resurface. The author's style is affected and pretentious, but the plot is gripping.

neighboring government offices is ruled by a process involving voter approval by the measure. As ever, *Pines-Reverse* provides classic male escapism in an exotic setting without the usual rifles and plastic explosives that dominate the genre.

Last of the Moleskin (Hanser Basic, \$36) is David Guterson's follow-up to his 1994 best-selling debut, *Snow Falling on Cedars*. The new novel is set in the rich Columbia Basin in eastern Washington where protagonist Ben Givens, who, like Guterson, is a Seattle native and devoted environmentalist, finds of fishing and bird-hunting. A retired 75-year-old, heart surgeon and a widower still in mourning, Givens has just been diagnosed with terminal colon cancer. He heads to the region where he was born with four dogs, a shotgun and the intent to stage a courageous hunting adventure. Planes go



Paper attention before his first novel was even published

any; however, when a car accident ends him on a temporary, literallylosed with repeated illusions, philosophical drift, worldlessness, and good sensations. The journey leads to his spiritual regeneration, as Graves takes stock of life and death through a series of vision-enclosed stocks, including a defining moment as a field hospital in Italy during the Second World War. It is there that Graves discovers his predilection—and the core values he now measures. The many moves slowly at times threatening to end will a merge of spiritual and physical details. But Gustman's film will not be disappointed with the poignant tale of a journey that goes deep into life—and death—complicated.

Paul and Elsie are a middle-class, middle-aged couple with two young sons, and a nice house in a nice neighbourhood. A.M. Homes' *Mosier* (William Morrow, \$38) begins with the two of them unsuccessfully trying to burn down their house. It's not a very successful endeavor—which is just as well since they've shot themselves sober with their introspection and spend the rest of that bleakly somber evening trying to come up the cause. The failed arson is a metaphor for their lives. Paul and Elsie hover between the urge to escape and the urge to confide, and they can't even consent to demarcation. Homes draws them crisp, dryly, horrifically, and often hilariously. Her prose is a shrill to read in the same maddening way a rollercoaster is a thrill to ride: after a while you wish you could get off, but you can't.

Award-winning Toronto poet Dionne Brand begins her second novel, *At the Fall and Change of the Moon* (Knopf, \$32.95), with a mass suicide of a group of aged *Transadames* slaves in 1824. But before the novel's organizer, Mata Ursula, is murdered by the slave owners, she insures the safety of her daughter, Ikola, by hiding her on a deserted part of the island. As an adult, Ikola bears 14 children who are scattered by the rules of Mata Ursula and the life of slavery from which they were spared. The novel follows an examination of descendants' cross of love, loss, memory and wonder. Europe, the United States, Canada, Africa, and the Caribbean are all settings for this powerful, lyrical, and moving work.

While Broad's poetry is lyrical, that of an activist, her fiction is inherently hypnotic. Beautiful and sweeping, the language of the gospel conveys the inherent sadness in the characters' lives.

Memories, travels and the tragedy of war

Fiction, except or otherwise, is not everyone's summer favorite. Exceptional new satisfaction for those who prefer real people and places.

Beyond the Sky and the Earth (Doubleday, \$39.95). Janice Zeppa's memoir of her two years as a teacher in the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan is rich in detail, humour and adventure. Rawed in Sakti, Sri. Marie, Ont., Zeppa was first lost in an alien culture, but she eventually finds her footing, and uses her ties to Canada to unravel the web of love with a student.



A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a patterned tie. He is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera.

A Positively Final Assurance

(Penguin, £32.99). Acrobic and witty as ever—but now 85—Alec Guinness's 1956-
oo-1998 journals include the sobered actor's response to the
death of Diana, Princess of Wales, and Tony Blair's election
as prime minister.

The Pity of War (HarperCollins, \$43.50)
English historian Niall Ferguson offers a sweeping, revisionist account of the causes and conduct of the First World War. The five-year-long conflict, "the greatest error in modern history," was primarily Britain's fault, he insists, and one reason it went on so long was the soldiers' unwillingness to give up.

Bruce Chatwin (Brookline Case #50)

Nicholas Shakespeare followed Clurwicks trail across five continents to complete his exhaustive authorized biography. The result is the definitive study of one of the century's greatest travel writers, who died of AIDS at age 48 in 1989.

Escape Prosecco (Random House, \$15)

and **Bella Toscana** (Broadway, \$35.95). English novelist Peter Mayle stages (again) the prases of southern France, while California-born Francisco Maynez finds joy in central Italy—readers can savor both in the charms of both.

But the deeply introspective poems also provide an uplifting sense of resilience and strength, passed through this family's strong maternal line.

Toronto novelist Sarah Shaud recently became a psychotherapist, and her newest book draws directly on an insider's view of the world of therapy. *The Hypnotist* (Doubleday, \$39.95) is a story of Sigma, and her relationship with William, a psychiatrist who uses hypnosis to "help" young autistic women. Initially repulsed by William's "busty ladies, sodomy research and anal houses," the downcast photographs are eventually brought under his spell by flattery and persistence. At times, it is difficult to witness her willingness to put up with the cold and inaccurate psychiatry—especially after she learns that he has a history of pursuing vulnerable women patients. But Shaud's spare and graceful prose—especially vivid in her descriptions of Sigma's fears in taking photographs in the half-light; the prefix—provides an affecting portrait of the surfaces and endless ramifications some women will make for love.

In *The City of No*, (McClatchie & Son, \$21.99) Calgary author Peter Oliver weaves the experiences of a modern-day English language teacher with the mythical and sometimes whatareals stories of historical Japan. While teaching in the remote city of Sasebo, the narrator finds himself longing for his home in Canada and avidly straining to understand the nuances of Japanese culture. He quickly learns to identify a complex cast of characters, including Kohsaku, a Shinto priest, who fills the town with stories of Japan's ghosts and over dwellers. Most memorable, however, is Hideto Enza, a fellow teacher who sells him a show: Russell MacDonald, a 19th-century Canadian adventurer who was one of Japan's first English teachers. *The City of No* was inspired by some of Olivers own experiences travelling through Japan.

Kingsway, Chet., writes Marilyn Simonds also draws on personal experience to create an idyllic literary hybrid. She draws on her *River* (New York: Macmillan & Stewart, \$25.95) might begin as a series of linked short stories, or a novel, or an autobiography or a social history of Canada in the present period. The 45-year-old Simonds traces the major events of her own life as a framework for the exploration of memory. Her story, beginning around age 8, is set out in 11 self-contained chapters divided into two sections—*Childhood* (Greenglass), *Lips & Soreness*, *Misfortune* (Misery). The Patriotic names reflect childhood years spent at Bessborough, where her Canadian father worked as a factory manager and some of the most haunting images in the book come from that period. A child's story of a man as a leech in a hood, and his mother's diaristic narrative, capture the devastating effect of an adult's failure to nurture the rich sensory life of a child.

Other local locations—Greece, Mexico, Hawaii—provide changing backdrops for Sartoris's insightful reflections on his failed marriage, her love of nature, and the signs of child development in a lesser winter's hands. (One might have digested into a self-indulgent exercise in diary writing, but Sartoris, whose 1994 *Ascent: A Civil Servant's Memoir* was short-listed for the Governor General Award, is a skillful practitioner who sparing, direct prose makes him what a management society has mostly forgotten: the accumulation of wisdom, not things, or what makes a life.

The Northern Stars

By Brian Bothane

Robert Sawyer's novel-in-progress—some of which was written during the recent Ontario election campaign that renamed Conservative Premier Mike Harris an "asshole"—centers on a debate over the existence of God between a giant spider-like alien and a terminally ill paleontologist. It's an odd universe, but a very Canadian one—and just because, as its author insists, "it drops with Toronto culture and anti-Harris feelings." The unusual science-fiction style, the writer says, is "more artistically sophisticated" than a U.S. counterpart. "In American SF there has always been a drive for happy endings, and even more so, for unambiguous endings," says Sawyer. "Here, authors write for a more learned population. We've never had clear-cut heroes or villains and the endings are far murkier."

Whatever the reason, these are heady days for Canadian science fiction. Major American houses are publishing more of it than ever before, and writers are raking critical and popular acclaim. Sawyer's 1998 novel, *Fooling Humanity*, about two University of Toronto professors and the discovery of a technology that can tap into humankind's collective unconscious, was nominated in May for the Hugo Award.

Canadian writers are gaining global acclaim—and fans

international science-fiction Oscar equivalent. Sawyer's good friend, Toronto writer Robert Charles Wilson, also earned a Hugo nomination for *Dernhurst*, a stunning depiction of an alternate 20th century. That puts an unprecedented two Canadian writers among the five finalists drawn from all English-language SF novels. (The winner will be announced in September at the World Science Fiction Convention in Melbourne, Australia.) And Julie Czerneda of Oshawa, Ont., and Nalo Hopkinson of Toronto are among the five nominees for the convention's Campbell award, presented to writers in the first two years of their careers.

If Sawyer, though, is a sampled and unselected fountain of ideas—why is the genre's northern star—in fact, one of the hottest SF writers anywhere. In less than 10 years, he has already won a *SciFi* of national and international awards, and served as president of the New York City-based Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America. The Hugo nomination is the fourth consecutive for the 39-year-old author who loves

such his wife and full-time assistant, Candy Clark, in Thornhill, Ont., just north of Toronto. Their work equals previous runs by two prominent American writers, Orson Scott Card and Robert Shwartz. Six of Sawyer's 11 novels are still in print in nine languages and his pen has now matched best-seller rings for his latest release, *Blindsight*.

An intricate combination of fact and fable, *Blindsight* follows a Canadian scientist and his Greek colleague whose particle-physics experiment goes badly wrong in 2009, somehow shriving all human consciousness 23 years into the future for a period of two minutes. People who like the futures they see set out to achieve them early, while those who are appalled by the visions try to change their fate. For a science-fiction author, a time-travel motif is akin to an actor taking on *Hamlet*: a challenge fraught with complications with plot devices and loaded with well-known technical difficulties. Sawyer tops the actor by having two futures—2009 and 2030—and keeps his brief predictions soberly plausible. (Artificial intelligence and nanotechnology will doubt work even in 2030, and George Lucas has not finished with *Star Wars*.)

The cast of the novel, however, seems as the consensus among many physicists that past, present and future all come simultaneously. The futures, therefore, may be jangled but not changed. Sawyer's ingenious response to that conundrum and his deft handling of his characters' differing viewpoints make *Blindsight* a provoking read.

Sawyer's easy familiarity with bleeding-edge hard science belie his own arts background. A lifelong reader of Toronto's northern fringes, he graduated from the city's Ryerson Polytechnic University in radio and television in 1982. He immediately became a full-time freelancer writer, churning out newspaper and magazine articles on personal finance, as well as news releases and speeches. By 1988, he had saved enough money to concentrate on fiction. Despite a taste for mysteries, Sawyer ignored the genre as too restricting to conjure up what-if's. "The joy of being a science-fiction writer is being able to construct a whole new universe each time—why would you want to do this only once?"

By any reckoning Sawyer is among the most successful Canadian authors ever: making a comfortable six-figure income doing what he loves. But a Hugo Award, he admits, would be a crowning touch. Especially for *Fooling Humanity*, a superb science-fiction story with considerable cross-over



appeal—"the one I want to be remembered for," the author allows. So how does he fancy his chance? "I used to call myself the Susan Lucci of SF." Sawyer laughs in reference to the 18-time Daytime Emmy award nominations garnered by the soap-operas star. "And she finally won the year."

Other notable recent Canadian science-fiction releases:

More than any other genre, science fiction provides us bleeding-sooths with magazine and paperbacks opportunities to hone our craft. James Alan Gardner's third paper-back novel, *Vigilant Avon*, (\$7.99), has propelled him onto *The New York Times'* list of recommended summer reading. Given its page-turning plot and the extraordinary voice he gives his characters, it could prove to be his breakthrough into hardcovers. Gardner may be Ontario born and bred,

Sawyer: "They never had clear-cut heroes or villains!"

but Vigilant's humans, one million extras invited to the planet Dernhurst by the bird-like Olson race, are migrants from a world called Come-By-Chance. Beating names like Smallwood, Tobin and Goodie, his quirky, very seriously astute characters talk in a very Newfoundland-esque slang, steering in "Tobly-bleh" terms and speculating hopefully on their chances of a "wollybag night." The whole novel, in fact, reads like an extended, and highly engaging, rant by May Delaney.

Not that there is anything remotely funny about Vigilant; plus. Less than a generation after the humans had arrived, a deadly plague began to decimate the Olsons, while leaving the humans untouched. "No one injured save," writes Faye Smallwood, smalls dead decades later, still haunted by memories of pure death, and tormented by guilt that humans had somehow caused the disease. After 20 years of self-isolation, rising at

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Summer Reading

times to scaring herself with a scalpel, Frye decides to examine her demons by joining a planetary-watching group. As a member of the Vigil, though, Frye soon learns that her old nightmares barely glimpsed the truth.

Toronto writer Phyllis Gordan is a distinguished poet who has turned to science fiction in the 1960s. For some years, she won Canada's SF and new, at 73, is the genre's universally acclaimed grande dame. Her *Violet Star* (Tos, \$32.95), a sequel to her year's *Black and Gold*, offers an engrossing plot about the continuing struggle against the Zemus corporation, a human coal mine that runs brackets staffed by dead souls and their infants, the truly creepy incentive in her *Violet Star* is above all a poetic novel. The spectra of violence, as much emotional as physical, relentlessly bangs over every chapter. Lyrical, beautifully written images of humanism with bodies that flicker under lights, shape-shifting robots and telepathic replies slip on and out of scenes like visions from an LSD flashback. Gordan's language lifts her book from escapist defer to literary achievement.

The Dragon's Eye (Tos, \$34.95) is the first of Quebec writer Joëlle Chauvin's 10 novels to be translated into English. Originally written in 1996, it's an intrinsically comprehensively readable 24th-century spy story. The planet New China, home to a struggling colony founded by exiled Chinese dedicated to eradicating Western and Japanese influences, is about a double star system. Chastise, the deadly Dragon's Eye, threatens the planet singularly, forcing the inhabitants to take cover when it's in the sky and blinding their ability to pay off a crippling debt on Earth. A vivid anthropomorphic cat, European agent Rajan Turner, surgically altered to look Asian, is dispatched to bring back highly placed mole. The novel's themes are subtly diverse, and the ethnomorph Chastise provides the current retains within Chinese society between the Westernized east and the countryside—darker in series that contrast the abundance of children on New China with the continuing enforced population limits on Earth—make *The Dragon's Eye* far more than a good adventure story. ■



Charles Gordon

There is one of those wile, crowded avenues of shopping centres and strip malls in Ottawa, as there is in every city and when you drive leisurely along it on early Saturday afternoon, you get a sense of where all your neighbours are. This is confirmed when you hit the switch, at the furthest end, where all the big-box stores are.

The parking lots are packed, people driving idly around, fighting one another for parking spaces, the heading cars outside the stores doing a flourishing business feeding dedicated shoppers who pass briefly to catch a look before returning inside again to face the merchandise.

There is a giant hardware store, a giant home furnishings store, a piano store, dealership, a giant lumber store, a giant pet store (Aude 3: exotic birds; Aude 4: snakes and lizards), a giant electronics store (Aude 3: something you've never heard of, but everybody is getting one), and other giant places. And from the fact that many of these stores are foreign-owned, this seems to have little to do with Canadian cultural identity culture. But there may be a link. It is that our own culture is changing and everything else takes a back seat.

It is also worth thinking about as we begin another round of discussions, in the wake of the magazine policy referendum and much discussion of Canadian bookstores, about Canadian culture—what it is, whether it is worth saving and, if so, how to go about doing it. In the broader sense of culture—the rugged activity from hockey to opera—Canada is doing very well in any way and under fairly in another.

The good news is that the writers in the cultural sector—the musicians, writers, actors, composers and painters—are doing good work. In terms of their salaries, the output of these will tell in the cultural fields for purposes of these predecessors. There are more Canadian books, movies and plays. In terms of quality, our stuff has been recognized around the world and its reputation grows.

That's the good news. The bad news is that this great work is being done largely by volunteers. Not that they are volunteers reluctantly but that they are being paid like volunteers. Artists and musicians frequently perform for nothing, or near to it, in the hope of catching a break. Authors do the same. Rare is the Canadian novelist who does not have to supplement his or her income with other work. For every Canadian who is now a star in the United States, there are many equally talented ones slugging away in this country for little recognition and less money.

Canadian culture does not generate enough money in

Charles Gordon is a columnist with The Ottawa Citizen.

In the Canadian way

Canada to support those who produce it. That's the problem. The reason there is not enough money is that there is not enough of an audience

that is where the neo-conservatives leap gleefully off the bandwagon shouting: "If people don't want it, then we shouldn't support it, and when you purchase that copy of *Sport Illustrated* when you're finished?" Certainly that's the easy way out. Give up on supporting our culture, those open the door to the Americans [even when they are already], relax and enjoy *Gilgamesh Island IV: The Book of Ginger*.

But those who respect what Canadians write and perform do, and don't want it to be swallowed up in a暮式 wave of American blandness are not prepared to give up the fight. The question is: what sort of a fight should it be?

We have used various forms of protectionism. Although some of them have worked reasonably well (such as Canadian music quotas on pop radio), they are falling out of favour with the high press of international trade and will not last. Because of the recent outbreaks in grants to artists and arts groups, a lot of discussion is focused on the role of government, but no amount of government support can make our culture self-supporting. The answer is not to sacrifice the financing competition or subsidize the domestic products, but to make the market bigger.

In other words, the answer is us, the audience. We have to support the stuff, vote with our feet and eat walnuts, buy the books, attend the theatre and the galleries, and, yes, the half-park and arenas, because you may notice that sports has been going south as well.

Why don't we do it? It is not lack of money. The reason is one: Canadians are spending money again, and most of it on the necessities of life. North Americans are spending \$6 billion a year on their pets. Canadians are thrifting.

What keeps us away—or what we think keeps us away—is lack of time. We are terribly busy, we sleep less, work with working harder than ever before because all of the labor-saving devices we have been given at work and there is not time to do anything, and even if there was, we are tired. That's why we are, on Saturday, bumper to bumper, heading the armful call of the marchandise piled floor to ceiling, the luxury robes in Aude 6, the DVDs in Aude 5,悉数ly awaiting instances of shopping-cart rage. There is no question that this is hard work, physically and emotionally exhausting. No wonder we are too tired to go out. No wonder we flop in front of the TV set. These is Sunday shopping now, and we have to stop up.

In all this, we have unwittingly created a culture. The question we have to ask is whether it is the one we want.

Users beware

'Quack' sites lurk among many good Internet health links

By Susan McClelland

In 1997, when Zachary Smith was diagnosed at the age of 11 with systemic onset JRA, a severe and debilitating form of juvenile arthritis, he felt he was the "only child in the world who was born normal." Having just moved to Bellview, Ohio, a small town with a population of about 6,000, Zachary had no friends and knew no one who suffered from the disease. Physically unable, he weighed only 55 lb. and at times could not walk. Turning to the Internet for help, he came across the Web site for the Arthritis Society of Canada. There, he found a treasure trove of information: cartoon figures showing exercises that would help him stay active; speeches by top researchers; definitions of symptoms; tips for living well. Working with his doctor, Zachary began to understand and take control of his arthritis. He also found the Open Forum, a page that allows arthritis sufferers to post messages to each other. When Zachary, then facing surgery, wrote that he was frightened, Canadian sufferers from coast to coast offered reassurance. "I learned that it was not just me," says Zachary. "I found more support from this one Web site than anywhere else."

Millions of people around the world

are seeking health and disease information on the Internet. For people like Zachary and his friends in Canada, the Net is creating communities of illness sufferers and wellness action no longer limited by borders or distance. Many certified health facilities are posting in-



Smith: A Web site helped him understand he was not alone with his arthritis.

formation formerly available only to students of medical journals and readers of large-dose-with-reviews literature. Yet health professionals caution that even reliable information should be used only under a doctor's supervision. Even more disturbing, they note, is the vast number of sites posted by non-medical businesses, individuals or "quacks" who have no medical affiliation.

The technology has allowed disease associations, hospitals and research facilities to disseminate their information to a much larger arena, and to the audiences who need it the most. The Arthritis Society's 37,000-page site gets an average of 36,000 hits each day. Audio and video attachments show the latest research findings, and a store displays over 250 arthritis-related items for sale, including calendar and birthday cards. "Our prime concern," said Robert Ward, the society's Web master, "was getting the information out, not fund-raising."

Still, some sufferers may have trouble

finding the reliable information they need. A study published last June in the *Journal of American Academy of Pediatrics* raised concerns about the quality of advice. Of 60 articles on the treatment of disorders in children published by traditional medical sources, it found that only 12 fully conformed to the academy's guidelines. Even major medical institutions, schools and hospitals "need to devise ways to carefully review and establish quality control of what is being disseminated from their home pages," it concluded.

Even worse, since health information on the Internet is not subject to legislation governing standards, any individual or company can post unsupported or false information with little regard for the truth. If patients turn to bad advice in desperation, the results could be devastating. "When someone has been given a diagnosis of cancer or some other illness, they are in a vulnerable state," notes Dr. Barbara Whyte, director of medical affairs and cancer control for the Canadian Cancer Society. "They have to be cautious because a lot of the information on the Internet has not been subjected to critical review."

Efforts are underway to identify Web sites that post credible information. One leader is the Health on the Net Foundation Code of Conduct, an international nonprofit organization established in 1995. The organization develops the HONCode, eight standards Internet users should apply to try separating medical information. Prints among their requirements must be prepared by qualified professionals, and it has to be designed to support, not replace, the relationship between doctor and patient. "You should approach finding medical information on the Internet the same way you would approach buying a nonfiction book," says McMaster's Henning, who conducts seminars and workshops on Internet health issues. "Do the authors come from reputable universities? Do they have the proper credentials? Was it published recently?"

One Web site recognized by HON is operated by the Alzheimer Society of Canada. Launched in 1997, it offers not only current research on the disease but also a forum where caregivers can share their stories. Vancouver legal secretary Virginia Fawcett, named in the site four years ago after her then-79-year-old father started to show symptoms, "I

knew nothing of the disease," she says. "The Web site really provided my mother and me with the information we craved." Fawcett had brushed off her father's problems as age-related dementia. But Fawcett learned to recognize symptoms directly related to Alzheimer's, and went back for help. Now, her father is part of a clinical study at the University of British Columbia.

Responding to the growing demand for accurate information on the Internet, Health Canada will launch a Web site in September to provide general information on an array of topics including mental health, sexuality and disease prevention. It will also supply links to the home pages of recognized Canadian health authorities and disease associations. There is plenty of good health information out there. Now, the critical task of guiding consumers away from the dangerous and towards the reliable is gaining speed. ■

Information at the fingertip

Among the best Canadian health sites on the Internet, some providing links to many other reliable sources:

- www.hslt.gc.ca/ehscn/index.html ... R.C. ministry of health
- www.caecho.ca ... MNI System Corp., a health information technology company
- www.mcmaster.ca/cvnet/cvnet/index.html ... McMaster University, Consumer Health Information Service, Toronto Reference Library
- www.arthritis.ca/wwwarthritis/ ... Arthritis Society of Canada
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Sports

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Canada's team vies for Cup glory, and an Olympic berth

It says right on the score sheet that Canada's national women's soccer team lost to the United States 4-2 in Portland, Ore., last week. But the number one isn't the only part of the story. The underdog Canadians, who in coach Neil Turoshki's own words had once been mainly "canoe fodder" for the high-powered Americans, carried the play from the start, and jumped in front in the seventh minute as the first of two goals by star striker Chantelle Hooper. And while the Americans eventually fought back to win thanks to a goal and two more from scoring sensation Mia Hamm, the Canadians gave their hosts a run for their money—and themselves a boost in confidence by coming so close to upsetting the world's appointed ruler. "For us...and veteran defender Joanne Holland of Edmonton, that game was huge."

Good timing, too. As they prepare for the June 1 opening of the Women's World Cup, the women who comprise Canada's unknown women's soccer team proved that they had narrowed the gap between themselves and the 1996 Olympic champions. How wide a gap? Try a 5-1 loss to the Australians before the 1995 World Cup. "And we played pretty well," says midfielder Andrea Neil of Vancouver. They have made those strides despite a woeful shortage of money, too little international experience and scarce recognition from fans across the country. The



Widki (left) going head-to-head with Australia's Amy Taylor during a Toronto exhibition game. "We always want to win."

players are gracious, saying a game with being in women's sports is a sort of government curbside. "We are the building blocks of this program," says sister Shona Burns of William Lake, B.C. "And we have come a hell of a long way."

The Canadians' anonymity may disappear by the time the 16-year-old, eight-day World Cup ends on July 10 in Pasadena, Calif. Two TV networks—ABC and

ESPN—are covering the event in the United States, while Canada's games will be shown on CTV Sportsnet. As well, organizers have sold more than 500,000 tickets, including 65,000 for the American's opener at Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J. That is a big jump from the 1995 World Cup in Sweden, whose crowds often numbered in the hundreds rather than thousands. Many in soccer are buoyed by the American fan response, and hope to establish a U.S. women's professional league in 2001. The athletes would love that, too, but they are cautious, saying it would do more harm than good to start a league that soon founders from insufficient corporate and fan support. "People aren't going to get behind it unless they're something that's going to last," Holland says.

Canada plays Japan, Russia and 1995 champion Norway in the opening round, and given the strength of the Norwegians, the Canadians will likely have to beat the other two in order to advance to second-round play. That, the players say, is their goal, partly because the top eight countries at the World Cup qualify for the women's tournament at the 2000 Summer Olympics in Australia. "If we play to the best of our abilities, we are going to be successful," says Turoshki. "We are so close to pushing through to that next level."

If the Canadians do break through, it will be against strong odds. Seven players, such as Lisa Smith of Edmonton, gave up jobs to try out. Six more members had trips to U.S. universities to improve their games. And the Canadian program does not have the money to keep together the players who do stay at home, or to arrange regular international matches, as most top-ranked countries do. The current team has only been together since training camp opened on May 2 and has played only a handful of exhibition games, including two "friendly" against Australia last week in Toronto. But the players are determined. Widki says this year's team is faster and more athletic than any previous national squad. Although they are long shots, they believe the old cliché that, on any given day in sports, anything can happen. "We are not satisfied just with qualifying," says defender Amy Walsh of St. Bruno, Que. "We always want to win." And winning would really blow their cover.

James Deacon

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The chameleon

Actor John Travolta has gone from being the king of disco to a Hollywood mover and shaker

Actor John Travolta has always liked Canada. He met his wife, actress Kelly Preston, while filming *The Experts* in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., in 1989. And in July, he will be in Montreal finally working on the sci-fi thriller, *Spaceflight Earth*, a movie he has struggled for 10 years to get into production. A longtime Scientologist, Travolta, 45, will produce and star in the film, which is based on the novel of the same name written by the late Scientology guru L. Ron Hubbard. "I play a nice-fuck alien monster," quips Travolta.

Currently, Travolta fans can catch the former *Saturday Night Fever* star in the action-packed thriller, *The General's Daughter*, in which he plays a marine who's investigating the rape and murder of a female captain. Add this to the list of characters he has portrayed in the past, including a disco king (*Saturday Night Fever*), an angel (*Mission: Impossible*) and保管人 of the United States (*President's Choice*), and it is no surprise that he is known in Hollywood for his diversity—and \$30-million packages. "Nobody knows what a Travolta movie will be," he says. "And that is fine with me."

Travolta using star power to get a Scientology film financed

Bucking the Bard trend

Shakespeare may be all the rage in Hollywood these days, but not every actor is dying to wear a crown or a corset. Take Cate Blanchett and Roger Everett, co-stars of *An Ideal Husband*, a new movie based on the 1895 play by Oscar Wilde. After her Oscar-nominated performance in *Elizabeth*, Blanchett says she was delighted with offers to portray "various queens and monarchs and beheaded from hell." Instead, the 30-year-old Australian screen ended up playing a Long Island housewife in *Paddington*, and now, in *An Ideal Husband* she is the prima volta of an English politician banished by a scandal. "I don't think there's any point making a film set in the past unless it has some connection with people now," says Blanchett, pointing to parallels between the polarities and US President Bill Clinton

Everett, meanwhile, is a classically trained British actor who has the nerve to say he is bored with the Bard. "It's not a big Shakespeare fan," says Everett, although he co-wrote with Michelle Pfeiffer on the recent film adaptation of *Measure for Measure*. "The thing that is frustrating about Shakespeare is that even though he manages to write about every single human emotion, he never comes to a conclusion about anything."

Everett, 46, says he did *Desdemona* because "I liked the words, and it's a good show to do—in—it doesn't have to do Shakespeare so I might as well show myself off." But he has lighter fare on the horizon. After stealing scenes from Julia Roberts in the 1997 hit, *My Best Friend's Wedding*, the openly gay actor is starring in *The Next Best Thing* opposite Madonna—playing a friend who gets her pregnant in a drunken boat on Lake William Shakespeare; eat your heart out.

Blanchett: no crowns in her new role



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Allan Fotheringham

Friends in high places

The War of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster, lasted 100 years.

That is nothing to compare with the acrimonious battles of Canadian politics, a never-ending, chowing struggle that will go on while egos, memories and romances and envy rule forever.

Brian Mulroney being fired, never gives up. His battle is with his reputation, which he thinks history is creating badly. On a roll since the stupid Liberal government lobbed and dumped him in the Arthur face, and had to apologize, and had to pay his debts more.

A recent book by a respected academic had laid down in calm detail how stupid and inaccurate the government was even Arthur. But he wants more. And gets more.

The latest skirmish, arranged by his friends (with Sean behind the curtains, whispering International, \$300,000 McGill University wassail on the 10th anniversary of the Free Trade Agreement with those lovely bullies the Americans).

One more rising in the supposed non-partisan loose-up. Name of John Turner, he who buried Mulroney in one famous free-trade debate.

So Toronto Turner would welcome an Mulroney's weekend Montreal fand. The revenge Turner's 70th birthday party, in the lush padron of the York Club in Toronto, featuring everybody who counts.

So Mulroney rolls out his bally 75-year-old George Bush! Turner replies with his close friend 87-year-old Cardinal Romeo Carde. So Conservative Mulroney threw his non-partisan name by featuring on his bush former Liberal cabinet minister Don Macdonald? Turner brings out the ultimate Ontario Tory son, grandfather Hal Jackson, ex-lieutenant-governor.

So Mulroney has the terrible-coughed Senator Revenstot at his podium? Turner responds with Roy McMurtry, Ottawa's (Tory) superrepresentative! Mulroney's in from the bullpen! John Crosbie? Turner quickly replies with no-nonsense David Peterson, who really has to do something about his shoes.

It's like the World Wrestling Federation, the group columnists all alert as to who's winning the Egg Battle across the dividing line of the Ottawa River.

Mulroney, his podium, oasis from Toronto to his former Finance minister Mike Wilson. In itself counterproductive, for his

party, Turner exposes his Montreal snob; Brenda Norris, a firecracker who lights up any garden.

Or Mulroney dashes deep to the outfield to signal in Derek Barlow, his former chief of staff. Turner, challenged, brings in cyberspace tycoon Ted Rogers (my boy) who really shouldn't dye his hair.

Things, you must realize, are serious here, when you know the woman who makes the social pages ase well. You can tell Mulroney has a thin beard when he calls Tom d'Apato, the lapdog spokesman for the Business Council on National Issues, to the microphone.

Turner, at the gin fests, shows off Dick Thomson, ex-head honcho of the Toronto Democrats. The lush generosity of the York Club is more fat, it must be admitted, than a Montreal audience full of aging white males. The assimilated Jim Torgy of the Torgy dynasty, has the second-best tag in Toronto, under a nest Roof.

Mulroney bounces, on his two-day conference, former U.S. treasury secretary James Baker Turner at his never-ending birthday bash, replete with Bay Street heavyweights Ted Medland, set to mention Lethbridge Burns. So Mulroney comes back with NAFTA spymaster Clayton Yeates Turner trying for a double of the left-field foul, brings in timber cleanup hero Alex Zimmerman.

It is, indeed, an intriguing bundle of pompos. Montreal against Turner, Tory against Grit, two men who defined their two personalities in a historic TV debate—and changed Canadian political discourse.

This is why it is important to note the sociological implications behind this struggle for cocktail party supremacy. There in Montreal are L. Lee McDonald and Luc Lavent, veterans of the Mulroney arrival. Those in the York Club gathering are newly declassified Conservative cabinet minister Isobel Bassett and her boyfriend, Finance Minister Elena Post, queen of supposed-for Liberal Turner.

Because a York Club gathering can contain more snobs than a Montreal podium, Turner was with numbers in the struggle for group supremacy. Senator Giffen, was here. Senator Dawson, Jimmy Coss, somebody named Julian Rose, Turner-friendish Alan Eagleson.

As a fan of both Montreal and Toronto, it's lovely to watch Boys will be boys.



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A full-body photograph of a young man with dark hair and a warm smile. He is wearing a dark blue short-sleeved polo shirt and light-colored, possibly khaki, shorts. His hands are in his pockets, and he is standing against a solid, warm-toned background.

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